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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS.

Canova and his Works—[*Canova et ses Ouvrages, ou Mémoires Historiques, &c.*] By M. Quatremère de Quincy. Paris: London, O. Rich.

THE irregular progression of society in intellectual development, its advances, its retrogradations, and its intervals of quiescence, are phenomena strange and difficult to explain. There are indeed known physical and moral combinations, which philosophy is accustomed to take into its estimates of particular social epochs; but there would seem to be something more recondite than their agency, which produces at uncertain intervals an extraordinary activity of mind, and removes the ages in which it occurs from the common roll of historic record. Such an epoch was that which preceded and produced the French Revolution; when, after a century of mediocrity in almost every department of science, taste, and philosophy, the great European family threw forth almost a superfection of mind—of statesmen, soldiers, artists, chemists, mathematicians, mechanicians, poets,—inventors in every branch of inquiry.

Among the remarkable men of this remarkable age, Antonio Canova held a distinguished place; having, by universal consent, been regarded, if not absolutely as the greatest genius in his particular department, at least as the man who exerted the most decided influence on the progress of his art.—Born in an obscure village (Possagno), in an obscure part of Italy, of parents unknown for professional excellence, and at a time of the almost absolute degradation of sculpture, he derived from circumstance no advantages beyond an early acquaintance with the tools and materials of his labours; yet by the mere force of individual genius, he revived, and almost recreated, the art in Italy. His grandfather was engaged in some department of the working of stone; and consequently Canova was, from the early age of five years, accustomed to managing the mallet and chisel; but no masters were at hand, no models of art accessible, to direct his rude efforts, or awaken his instincts of taste. He was early indeed removed to Venice, where his first productions excited a marked attention; but at so low an ebb was art in that city, that even the common method of transferring the outline of the model to the marble, by means of points, was unknown; and the artist was guided in the operation solely by the eye, or by such expedients as his own ingenuity might suggest. The opportunities also of modelling from the life were so rare, that Canova in his early attempts employed a mirror, and was his own subject.

This artist, therefore, must be added to the long list of geniuses and creators who were self-taught. When eventually he went to Rome for the better pursuit of his studies, he found in contemporary art examples rather to be avoided than followed. The sculptors

then living there, were Agostino Pinna, Pacili, Bracci, Sibilla, Pacetti, and Angilini—men certainly of no great European celebrity. The study of nature and of the antique was wholly lost or neglected among them. Another theory and another practice prevailed, to the total exclusion of taste or feeling.

In the mission, then, of reviving Italian sculpture, Canova had no precursor; and Count Cicognara, in looking round for the causes of the regenerated era, can find none more salient than the writings of Maffei, Passeri, Visconti, Winckelmann—the discoveries at Herculaneum—the Sicilian travels of St. Non (Denon)—and those of Norden, Pocock, and Wheeler; for the encouragement given to sculpture by Leopold, Clement XIV., Pius VI., and other contemporary princes, on which he relies, cannot be considered as of much weight. That the above-named writers had turned the attention of the erudite to the subject of antiquities, and to the treasures of beauty and grace existing in ancient monuments, is true; and it is certain that their works must have assisted in the formation of that master idea which gave to Canova's professional life its distinctive character. But the same light was equally held forth to others, who had not eyes to behold it; and Canova alone was found capable of discovering the true sources of sculptural excellence, and, by reducing his theory to practice, of demonstrating its undeniable truth and applicability. In this, as it seems to us, consist the great merit of this distinguished artist, and his claim to the title of inventor. Other artists of the age have equalled, and in some particulars surpassed him; but the return to nature, the revival of the Greek style, and the substitution of a selecting and ennobling for an indiscriminate and servile imitation of natural forms, was altogether his own. "He seems," says Cicognara, "to have proceeded by first impressing on his statues all the divinity of the *beau idéal*, and afterwards to recall them to humanity, by scattering here and there those traces of reality, which his attentive observation of the natural supplied." Whoever will compare the actual prosperity of sculpture in Rome, either with that of painting, or with what it was towards the close of the last century, will find the true measure of Canova's genius, and satisfy himself that such a man is justly numbered among the master-minds of his age and country.

Such was the subject of Mons. Quatremère de Quincy's Memoir. The life of an artist, it has been said, lies in his works; and if so, his biography may be supposed to consist in their enumeration and critical illustration. To those who hold this opinion, the work before us will afford satisfaction. The author is a professional critic of art, and fully competent to the task he has undertaken; but for ourselves, we are "free to confess" that, of all works, those which belong to the critical literature of painting and sculpture, are least to our taste. It appears to us impossible, by the

happiest use of language, to convey any precise idea of a picture or a statue, beyond perhaps its mere physical outline—to give a definite notion of the details of style and execution is beyond the reach of the pen. The dry enumeration of technical expressions for undefinable excellencies of form and colouring, is mere verbiage, and, in the long run, wearisome and provoking. Being no better than a substitution of words for thoughts, it inevitably degenerates into pedantry. But the life of a man of genius is not summed up in his works. It is the mind, which gave birth to those works, that forms the true subject of a philosophical interest—the circumstances of its development—its re-action on the moral and physical world—its intimate workings,—in one word, its individuality. We, who enjoyed for a short time a rather intimate acquaintance with Canova, and were personally conversant with the extent and resources of his intellect, the *naïve* simplicity of his character, and the justice and elevation of his views, should have been far better pleased with a memoir that considered him more as a man and less as an artist, and that had been more discursive and anecdotal in its plan and execution. We want the "peep behind the curtain," and this want is, in our estimate, a grievous disappointment. After all, however, books, like men, must be taken for what they are; and the author of the present volume having thought good to write only a work of art, it is not fair to judge him by another standard. Still, as matter of information to the readers of the *Athenæum*, and without meaning to insinuate that Mons. Quatremère de Quincy might, ought, or could have followed another plan, we must record the fact, that his book is a mere book of professional criticism, a treatise on the *beau idéal*, and nearly as much about the author himself as about Canova. "I must avow," he observes in his preface, "that the form under which I had long proposed to write Canova's life, requiring that the historian should place himself on the scene with the hero of the tale, a fear of incurring the reproach of presumptuous vanity might have contributed to suspend the execution of my project." The fact, however, is, that in bringing himself upon the scene, he has also contrived to render himself a very prominent personage; and on more occasions than one has laboured to divide the honours with his subject.

To take an example: Canova, it appears, first arrived at Rome at the precise moment of Mons. Quatremère's second visit to that capital; and, having exhibited his 'Theseus,' he obtained considerable celebrity, and with it the acquaintance of his future biographer. In the studio, by the side of the 'Theseus,' stood also another group, by the same artist, of 'Dedalus and Icarus.'

"A parallel," says Mons. Q., "truly instructive, whose consequences seemed to me a complete demonstration of the ideas which I had formed of the imitation of nature; that is, of the

two sorts of truth of which this imitation is susceptible. One of these, *I said to him* (Canova), is common and trivial, and is calculated on the individual model. It addresses itself by a material reality to the mere sense, and scarcely deserves the name of art. The other is called ideal, because in it the intellect, from an examination of individuals, arrives at a conception of beauty and perfection, such as nature has perhaps never realized in a single image. Now, *said I to him*, the group of 'Dedalus,' produced by the first method, cannot please the observer who considers art on the grand scale; but that of 'Theseus,' I added, is on the road to that species of imitation, of which the ancients have left us models; and therefore its author *appears to me* to have opened to his contemporaries, not in theory, but in practice, a route to the true and the beautiful in the arts of design. I cannot say how much the development of these ideas pleased Canova. He stood in much need of a support to his taste," &c. &c.

Now, if this be not a chapter from the "Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish," it is a flat parody on them. Nothing can be plainer than the complacent innuendo that Canova had blundered upon a truth, and required the aid of Mons. Quatremère de Quincy's philosophy to work it out and to generalize it. "I taught the boy to read," said Quin, of George the Third; and in the same spirit Mons. Q. says, or seems to say, "I taught the boy to reason."

This, moreover, is no isolated passage—it is the pervading feeling of the volume, which "says, or seems to say," in almost every page, "Canova attained to unrivalled excellence by adopting the selective principle in his imitations. The theorem, however, was mine: I discovered it, and, in season and out of season, I preached the doctrine to him; ergo, &c. &c. Q.E.D."

This, it must be admitted, is a little ridiculous: it is, however, but justice to add, that the author fully and honestly admits the share which Gavin Hamilton, the painter, had in brushing away the cobwebs of Canova's inexperience, and turning his attention from individual to abstract beauty. It is honourable to Hamilton's memory, and gratifying to his countrymen, that he had the tact to discover Canova's latent powers, and the generosity to assist in bringing him forward; and it should seem that his services were something more than those of instruction, he being among the first persons at Rome who drew the notice of the cognoscenti and protectors of art to the stranger youth.

It is not our intention to follow the author through his long *catalogue raisonné* of Canova's works. The anecdotes interspersed, and even the positive dates, are very few, considering the personal and epistolary intercourse which subsisted between the parties; so that little or nothing is added to the previous stock of our knowledge respecting the individual. As a specimen, however, of the way in which the subject is treated, we translate the author's account of the statue of the Princess Borghese:—

It is known that this statue should be considered as one of those poetic or allegoric metamorphoses of which I have just spoken. [The portraiture of individuals with the attributes of heroic and mythological personages.] As a portrait, it represents the Princess Borghese, the daughter of her whose features, similarly metamorphosed, we have already admired—[Madame Letizia Bonaparte.] But the daughter

was worthy, by her beauty, to serve as the type for such a composition, or, if you will, transfiguration, which Canova made of her under the image of the 'Victorious Venus.' Considered under the ideal aspect, this statue (one of the most graceful that the artist produced,) has for its true subject the repose of Venus, after her victory over the rival goddesses, reclining on a bed, and apparently enjoying the prize; that is, the golden apple, which she holds in one hand, and contemplates with a fixed regard. The bed serves as a plinth and sub-basement to the statue. Surmounted at its upper end by an elegantly wrought head-piece, it is covered throughout its length by a mattress draped with great taste. A pile of cushions supports the right arm and the upper part of the figure, producing in the rest of the person a natural and varied movement, and a flexibility of form, equally gracious in front, and from behind. The lower part of the body, with the exception of one leg, is elegantly masked by a drapery, which contrasts well with the beauty of the uncovered bust, and heightens its charm. That which ought to be admired, and generally is so, in this work, is the art with which Canova (thanks to the grace of the original!) has preserved the fidelity of the resemblance in the head which is required in a portrait, and allied it with the ideal in his development of the forms of the body; so that the positive and the imaginative truth, far from being in contradiction, lend each other an additional charm.

The Victorious Venus has recently enjoyed a new triumph in the Palace Borghese, where for a short time it was offered to the judgment of the public. The crowd of amateurs, as well foreign as Italian, was incessant; and daylight not sufficing to their admiration, permission was granted to view the statue by candle-light,—a light which, while it brings into evidence the slightest nuances of beauty, detects also the smallest negligencies in the execution.

It was thus that we ourselves, by a special favour, had the advantage of considering this beautiful statue, the artist himself passing a lighted taper over its exquisite details. Nothing in art could exceed the delicacy and grace of the performance; nor was our pleasure diminished by the honest enthusiasm with which Canova did the honours by his own workmanship. The whole scene, the splendour of the ancient palace, "the present deity" embodied in the most beautiful of human figures, the associated recollections of the extraordinary man to whom the original was so nearly allied, the halo of Roman art and antiquity by which we were surrounded, contributed, with the charm of Canova's remarks on art, and the graces of his conversation, to make this scene one of the most delightful we experienced in the eternal city.

The modelling of this statue excited much attention in England, by the ribald comments on it which appeared in some of the London journals. At that time, it was thought becoming to attack Napoleon through the character and feelings of his female relations, and no opportunity was lost to expose the follies of his connexions, or to fabricate scandalous anecdotes, where truth was wanting to the purpose. The critical remarks of Monsieur Quatremère de Quincy, above quoted, are a sufficient refutation of the calumnious innuendo of a shameless exposure of the Princess Borghese's person, in the act of modelling. Yet the offensive anecdote to which we allude, after running the rounds of the English papers, was copied into the foreign journals; and the conse-

quence was, the shutting up of the statue, which remained unseen by the public for years, and the deep annoyance of the Princess, whenever, by particular interest, a foreigner was permitted to gain access to it. Application was even made to the Pope, to command its destruction, (for the statue belonged to the Prince, and not to the wife, from whom he was then separated,) but Pius VII. contented himself with ordering that it should not be shown. It was thus, that for many years, even Canova himself was prevented access to his own work, which we believe was only restored to light on the death of Pauline.

Notwithstanding the circumscribed scope of the volume before us, there is an occasional trait or an anecdote to be found in it, calculated to excite in the philosopher reflections of varied, and sometimes of painful interest. Between the statuary and the governing castes of society, there is a sort of natural connexion; and Canova was thus brought into personal contact with many of the leading characters of his age. It is a flattering testimony to the ennobling influence of the arts, and it is consoling to know, that Canova, in his conversations with Napoleon, preserved all the frankness and independence of his natural disposition; and that, instead of turning the opportunity to the account of his own private interest, he employed it successfully in promoting the extension of his art, and the welfare of his native country. On one of these interviews, Napoleon, (who wished to fix Canova at Paris, like every thing and person of intrinsic worth that the continent then produced,) after making him several advantageous offers, added:—

"But Paris is the capital of the arts; this is your proper residence, and you shall be well taken care of."

CANOVA.—"You are master of my life; but if you desire that it should be employed in your service, you must consent to my return to Rome, as soon as I have terminated the work which has brought me here."

NAPOLEON.—"But this is your centre. Here are collected the *chefs-d'œuvre* of antiquity. We want nothing but the Farnese Hercules; and that we shall soon possess."

CANOVA.—"Will you, then, not leave anything to Italy? The antique sculptures form a collection, which harmonize with an infinity of monuments, which you cannot remove."

Again, in reference to the excavations projected by Napoleon to be made in Rome, Canova boldly declared that—"The Roman people had an imprescriptible right to all the monuments, which he might force its soil to discover,—a right so founded in nature, in custom, and in the laws of the country, that no proprietor, prince, or even sovereign, could either dispose of them, or remove them from the city."

The same idea recurs apropos to a conversation on the city of Florence: where the public monuments were at that time neglected. Canova had begged that an order might be given, preventing the sale, to the Jews, of any public work of art. "Sold!" replied Bonaparte, "I shall carry off all those beautiful objects, and bring them here." "No," interrupted Canova, "leave them at Florence. There, both as objects of history and of art, they are in harmony with a vast number of immovable things; as, for example, the beautiful contemporary paintings

in fresco. It would be well that the President of the Florentine Academy should have funds placed at his disposition, for the conservation of such public monuments. This would turn to your glory; and the more so, being on the spot, for, as I have understood, your family is originally Florentine." Almost every request that Canova made in these interviews, in favour of the arts, was granted; and he had the happiness of thus founding or reviving more than one institution analogous to his professional pursuits.

On the subject of the mutual influence of the French revolution and the fine arts on each other, M. Quatremère observes, that the former, while it brought ancient ideas into favour, discrediting the more modern combinations, still threw a certain ridicule upon them, by its fantastic and absurd imitation of the political institutes of antiquity: whereas, the arts tended altogether to shed a lustre on the governments of the classic ages, and the political theories on which they were founded. In this, we do not altogether agree. The revival of ancient ideas of republican virtue, however tinged by the ridiculous extravagances of the early revolutionists, diffused widely among the people a knowledge and taste for the antique; and, in point of fact, the arts, even during the reign of terror, received a sudden and extensive development. Robespierre employed Denon, on a grand scale, to make collections and designs for illustrating the Fasti of the nascent republic; and the taste and travelled research of that celebrated artist, would have been then brought to bear on the formation of an improved national taste, (as they afterwards were under Napoleon,) if the overthrow of his employer's tyranny, and a long succession of imbecile anarchists, had not put a stop to his operations. The influence of the fine arts upon politics, on the contrary, was scarcely appreciable. The major interests of society, brought into discussion by the great popular movement, and by the dreadful wars which it produced, absorbed all the faculties of the people; and it was not till internal peace was restored by the victories of Bonaparte, that the French found either leisure or inclination for bestowing any continuous attention upon painting and sculpture. The republican pictures of David, with their hard and statuary outlines, can scarcely be considered as forming more than an exception to the general fact.

Napoleon, however, who, with a thorough knowledge of the character of his subjects, employed the arts largely in subjugating their imagination, and occupying their activity, exerted a real and substantial influence on every branch,—architecture, painting, and sculpture. Of this, the list of Canova's works affords ample illustration, in the number of statues, &c. bespoken by Bonaparte and his dependent Princes. This influence extended even beyond his reign; for the fashion he set was imitated by the restored sovereigns, and by the numerous wealthy English who flocked to Italy, on the reopening of the continent.

But in nothing is the influence of political events on the fortunes of sculpture more remarkable, than in the history of Napoleon's own statue. This colossal work (12 feet in height), was commenced in the time of the Emperor's greatest successes. It accordingly displayed him with the sceptre of subjugated

Europe on one hand, and a little statue of victory, after the ancient type, in the other. But before the epoch arrived when the imperial resemblance should have been set up in Paris, the symbol had lost much of its propriety and application. A dread of the epigram, (for such it had become,) together with certain notions of ridicule, which Napoleon entertained of the classical nudity of the work, caused him to command its temporary seclusion from public view. It remained, therefore, hidden in the Louvre, behind a barricade of boards, till the fortunes of war delivered it, as it were a captive, into the possession of the conqueror of Waterloo; and it now stands, we believe, in an almost equal obscurity, beneath the staircase at Apsley House.

Among the other gigantic conceptions of Canova, was that of a statue of Religion, thirty feet in height, which he designed to be placed in the church of St. Peter, thereby uniting on one spot, the largest and most magnificent work of architecture with the most considerable production of sculpture. This statue was designed to celebrate the liberation of the Papal See from the chains of the revolution; but with the revolution, had disappeared the wealth which it had centred in its chief; and the project, as far as the placing the statue in St. Peter's was concerned, ended in a sort of practical joke,—namely, that in the christian metropolis of Europe, no place could be found for religion to rest in.

But it is time to stop. The Life of Canova is followed by a selection from the letters which he had addressed to the author. Although these treat principally on the details of art, relative to his own works, they are not without interest. M. Quatremère de Quincy, in his preface, indicates the possibility of the entire correspondence of Canova existing in the custody of his brother and heir, the Abbé G. Battista Satori Canova; if so, the amiable and veteran Abbé cannot do a better service to biography and the arts, than by an immediate publication of them.

We cannot conclude without noticing a singular circumstance in these memoirs;—namely, that the name of Thorwaldsen does not once occur in them!

Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

THE first part of this interesting volume contains a minute account of the topography of the Egyptian Thebes, and an investigation of the historical problems which its monuments enable us to solve. No nation in the world took such anxious pains to transmit its remembrance to the remotest posterity, as the Egyptians. Their pyramids, their obelisks, their stupendous excavations, are not merely memorials of former glory and greatness, but, by the sculptured representations with which they are covered, they preserve delineations of the religious ceremonies of the Pharaohs, the most important public transactions, and even the varied occupations of private life. Monuments are more certain evidences of facts than the simple statements of historians, and, while they mark the progress made in civilization and the arts, they offer proofs of the mechanical skill and taste which prevailed at the time of their erection.

But though the information conveyed by monuments be certain, it must necessarily be brief and desultory. The inscriptions, even when fully interpreted, can only relate to the persons by whom these buildings were erected; and unless dates be accurately specified, we must look elsewhere for an account of the age in which the founders lived. It is true, that we have histories of Egypt by Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, and a fragment of a catalogue of Egyptian dynasties, derived by Manetho from the archives preserved in the temples; but the narratives of the Greek historians were compiled from monuments or tradition, and the fragment of Manetho has been so corrupted by ignorant transcribers, as to be all but useless. We must therefore bear in mind that the history of Egypt is purely monumental, and, as a consequence, that it is fragmentary and very uncertain in its chronology. Let us now show by example, how these monuments tend to confirm the old traditions. Herodotus, repeating the accounts he had received from the priests, states that an Egyptian king conquered the greater part of Western and Central Asia, and that he even carried his arms into Europe. The following description has reference to this subject, and confirms the character for cruelty ascribed to this conqueror:—

"On the north face of the eastern pyramidal tower, or propylon, (of the temple-palace of Remeses II.) is represented the capture of several towns from an Asiatic enemy, whose chiefs are led in bonds by the victorious Egyptians towards the camp of their army. Several of these towns are introduced into the picture, each bearing its name in hieroglyphic characters, which state them to have been taken in the fourth year of King Remeses II. * * In the scene before us, an insolent soldier pulls the beard of his helpless captive, while others wantonly beat the suppliant, or satiate their fury with the sword. Beyond these is a corps of infantry in close array, flanked by a strong body of chariots; and a camp, indicated by a rampart of Egyptian shields, with a wicker gateway, guarded by four companies of sentries, who are on duty on the inner side, forms the most interesting object in this picture. Here the booty taken from the enemy is collected; oxen, chariots, plaustra, horses, asses, sacks of gold represent the confusion incident after a battle; and the richness of the spoil is expressed by the weight of a bag of money, under which an ass is about to fall. One chief is receiving the salutation of a foot-soldier; another, seated amidst the spoil, strings his bow; and a sutler suspends a water-skin on a pole he has fixed in the ground. Below this a body of infantry marches homewards; and beyond them the king, attended by his fan-bearers, holds forth his hand to receive the homage of the priests and principal persons, who approach his throne to congratulate his return. His charioteer is also in attendance, and the high-spirited horses of his car are with difficulty restrained by three grooms who hold them. Two captives below this are doomed to be beaten, probably to death, by four Egyptian soldiers; while they in vain, with out-stretched hands, implore the clemency of their heedless conqueror."

We find that the mode of warfare used in the days of this hero, was the same as that which Homer describes in the Iliad; so much so, that but for the Egyptian names, many of the representations might be taken for battle-pieces derived from the Greek epic. Hence it may be inferred that Homer, who distinctly mentions the grandeur of "the

hundred-gated Thebes" had visited these monuments, and availed himself of their pictures in the composition of his immortal poem.

In these battle-pieces, the king invariably appears as the general of the army. We have, however, scenes of royalty in private life:—

"Here the king is attended by his harém, some of whom present him with flowers, or wave before him fans and flabella; a favourite is caressed or invited to divert his leisure hours with a game similar to chess;† but they are all obliged to stand in his presence, and the king alone is seated on an elegant *fauteuil*, amidst his female attendants—a custom still prevalent throughout the East."

The tombs of the priests and of private individuals contain many historical pictures, from one of which it may fairly be inferred that the Egyptians had extended their conquests southwards over Ethiopia, as well as eastwards over Asia, about the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

But perhaps the most interesting sculptures of these tombs are those which portray the habits, arts, and domestic life of the ancient Egyptians. The following is a hunting piece:—

In another catacomb, unfortunately much ruined, is a spirited chase, in which various animals of the desert are admirably designed. The fox, hare, gazelle, ibex, eriel (antelope oryx), ostrich, and wild ox, fly before the hounds; and the porcupine and hyæna retire to the higher part of the mountains. The female hyæna alone remains, and rises to defend her young; but most of the dogs are represented in pursuit of the gazelles, or in the act of seizing those they have overtaken in the plain. The chasseur follows, and discharges his arrows among them as they fly. The arrows are very light, being made of reed, feathered, and tipped with stone."

The use of the siphon is proved to be of far more remote antiquity than is usually supposed:—

"In another compartment, a priest pours a liquid into cups, placed on a lofty stand, and another, by means of three *siphons*, draws off their contents into a larger vase below. Siphons again occur in the tomb of Remeses III., in the valley of the kings, so that these two instances prove their invention at all events as early as the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties."

We have also a curious description of a family entertainment:—

"Among the most interesting is a party entertained at the house of the Basilico-grammat (royal secretary), who, seated with his mother, carresses on his knee the youthful daughter of his sovereign, to whom he probably had been tutor. Women dance to the sound of the Egyptian guitar in their presence, or place before them vases of flowers and precious ointment; and the guests, seated on handsome chairs, are attended by servants, who offer them wine in 'golden goblets,' each having previously been welcomed by the usual ceremony of putting sweet-scented ointment on his head.

"In the lower part of the picture, a minstrel, seated *cross-legged*, according to the custom of the East, plays on a harp of seven strings, accompanied by a guitar, and the chorus of a vocal performer, the words of whose song appear to be contained in eight lines of hieroglyphics, which relate to Amun, and to the person of the tomb, beginning, 'Incense, drink-offerings, and sacri-

† The same game is represented in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, of a much more early period than the era of the third Remeses. It is not however the same as chess, since the men are all of similar size and form."

fices of oxen,' and concluding with an address to the basilico-grammat. Beyond these an ox is slaughtered, and two men, having cut off the head, remove the skin from the leg and body. Servants carry away the joints as they are separated, the head and right fore-leg being invariably the first, the other legs and parts of the body following in proper succession. A mendicant receives a head from the charity of the steward, who also offers him a bottle of water. On the opposite wall are some buffoons who dance to the sound of a drum, and other subjects."

Our attention is next attracted by a picture which shows the progress made by the Egyptians both in the fine and useful arts:—

"On the right hand wall are some very elegant vases, of what has been called the Greek style, but common in the oldest tombs in Thebes. They are ornamented as usual with *Arabesques* and other devices. Indeed all these forms of vases, the *Tuscan* border and the greater part of the painted ornaments which exist on Greek remains, are found on Egyptian monuments of the earliest epoch, even before the Exodus of the Israelites; which plainly removes all doubts as to their original invention. Above these are curriers, chariot-makers, and other artisans.† The semi-circular knife used for cutting leather is precisely similar to that employed in Europe at the present day for the same purpose, of which there are several instances in other parts of Thebes; and another point is here satisfactorily established, that the Egyptian chariots were of wood, and not of bronze, as some have imagined."

Another tomb furnishes some additional information respecting the mechanical skill of the Egyptians:—

"The inner chamber contains subjects of the most interesting and diversified kind. Among these, on the left (entering), are cabinet-makers, carpenters, rope-makers, and sculptors, some of whom are engaged in levelling and squaring a stone, and others in finishing a sphinx, with two colossal statues of the king. The whole process of brick-making is also introduced. Others are employed in heating a liquid over a charcoal fire, to which are applied, on either side, a pair of bellows. These are worked by the feet, the operator standing, and pressing them alternately, while he pulls up each exhausted skin by a string he holds in his hand. In one instance the man has left the bellows, but they are raised, as if full of air, which would imply a knowledge of the valve. Another singular fact is learnt from these frescos—their acquaintance with the use of glue—which is heated on the fire, and spread, with a thick brush, on a level piece of board. One of the workmen then applies two pieces of different-coloured wood to each other, and this circumstance seems to decide that glue is here intended to be represented rather than a varnish or colour of any kind."

We shall not enter on the investigation of Mr. Wilkinson's chronology of the Egyptian kings, nor his elucidations of controverted points in history, because these matters are interesting merely to the antiquarian, and their discussion to any good purpose would occupy a very disproportionate space. With more reluctance we pass over our author's interesting chapter on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians; but he has promised to devote a separate work to this very curious subject, and we trust that its publication will not long be delayed.

† Others are employed in weighing gold and silver rings, the property of the deceased. Their weights are an *ostracod*, the head of an ox (the half weight) and small oval balls (the quarter weights). They have a very ingenious mode of preventing the scale from sinking, when the object they have weighed is taken out, by means of a ring upon the beam. Vide Genesis xliii. 21. 'Our money in full weight.'"

The second part of this volume contains itineraries from Alexandria to Thebes, and from Thebes to Nubia, with notices of the most remarkable objects on the route. The grotto at El Kab (the ancient Erlethas), though its sculptures are far inferior to any of those previously noticed, contains an interesting picture of ancient Egyptian agriculture:—

"In the first line of the agricultural scene, on the western wall, the peasants are employed in ploughing and sowing; and from the car which is seen in the field, we are to infer that the owner of the land (who is also the individual of the tomb) has come to overlook them at their work. In the second line they reap wheat, barley, and doḡra: the distinction being pointed out by their respective heights. In the third is the carrying, and *tritura*, or treading out the ear, which was generally performed throughout Egypt by means of oxen; and the winnowing, measuring, and housing the grain. But the doḡra or sorghum was not submitted to the same process as the wheat and barley, nor was it reaped by the sickle; but after having been plucked up by the roots, was bound up in sheaves, and carried to the area, where, by means of a beam, whose upper extremity was furnished with three or four prongs, the grain was stripped from the stalks which they forcibly drew through them.

"Below are the cattle, asses, pigs, and goats belonging to the deceased, which are brought to be numbered and registered by his scribes. In another part they weigh the gold, his property; and fowling and fishing scenes, the occupation of salting fish and geese, the wine press, boats, a party of guests, the procession of the bier, and some sacred subjects occupy the remainder of the wall.

"On the opposite side the individual of the tomb, seated with his wife on a handsome *fauteuil*, to which a favourite monkey is tied, entertains a party of his friends; the men and women, as usual, seated apart. Music is introduced, as was customary at all the Egyptian entertainments, but the only instruments here are the double pipe, *maces*, and harp."

From an unfinished chamber in the tomb of the kings at Thebes we learn the process used by the Egyptians in forming these bas-reliefs:—

"In Egyptian bas-reliefs the position of the figures was first decided by the artist, who traced them roughly with a red colour, and the draughtsman then carefully sketched the outlines in black, and submitted them to the inspection of the former, who altered (as appears in some few instances here) those parts which he deemed deficient in proportion or correctness of attitude; and in that state they were left for the chisel of the sculptor. But the death of the king or some other cause, prevented, in this case, their completion; and their unfinished condition, so far from exciting our regret, affords a satisfactory opportunity of appreciating their skill in drawing, which these figures so unequivocally attest."

In his appendix, Mr. Wilkinson supplies very valuable directions to travellers about to visit Egypt, and he has also constructed, for their use, a vocabulary of the vulgar Arabic. He discusses very briefly the question of steam communication with India, strenuously advocating the route by the Red Sea, and he agrees with us in recommending Cosseir as a final station instead of Suez. (See *Athenæum*, No. 381.)

We have rarely derived so much pleasure from a work of learning and research as Mr. Wilkinson's volume has afforded us; there is no pedantic parade of learning, and yet every page is stamped with the impress of great and varied acquirements.

The Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M.D. Part II. *The Dancing Mania.* Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D. London: Sherwood & Co.

THE first of these treatises was devoted to the fearful history of the "Black Death of the Fourteenth Century:" in the one before us Dr. Hecker has drawn together a copious and singular account of another of those strange disorders, which, in days less enlightened and more disturbed than our own, spread itself in different forms over a great part of the civilized world. The detail becomes more interesting if we follow our author in linking the *Convulsionnaires* of St. Medard—the Jumpers and Shakers, and other modern fanatics—(whom there would be neither pleasure nor profit in enumerating further) with the *Tarantati* of Italy, and those afflicted with what Dr. Hecker calls quaintly enough, "more ancient dancing plagues," with the "St. John's dancers" of old Germany, and (going back to the dim times of Mythology,) the Menades and Corybantes of classic song and sculpture. We consider this second volume as likely to prove even more acceptable to the general reader than its predecessor, inasmuch as the malady of which it treats, from its close connexion with the mind of the patient, offers almost as curious a subject of study to the psychologist, as to the mere medical practitioner. We shall examine its vagaries and ramifications with an eye to the former; and, as in our review of Dr. Hecker's first volume,† merely make an abstract of facts, leaving all questions of science to be discussed and examined in periodicals exclusively devoted to medicine.

According to the superstition of the 14th century, two saints, St. John and St. Vitus, were considered to have particular connexion with the extraordinary disease, of which violent and convulsive motion formed a principal symptom. The anniversary of St. John's day has, from the darkest ages, been celebrated by the kindling of fires—in Germany this was called the "Nod-fyr"—and our author tells us, "that even to the present day the belief subsists, that people and animals that have leaped through these flames, or their smoke, are protected for a whole year from fevers and other diseases, as if by a kind of baptism by fire."—"Similar customs," he further informs us, "are to be found among the nations of Southern Europe and Asia; and it is more than probable, that the Greeks transferred to the festival of St. John the Baptist a part of their Bacchanal mysteries. The same saint is still worshipped by the Abyssinian christians, as the protector of those attacked by the dancing malady; and if we mistake not, the lighting of fires in his honour is still practised among the lower orders of Ireland.

Distinct accounts of the appearance of this whimsical, yet serious, plague in Europe go back to the year 1374, when "assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix la Chapelle who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public both in the streets and in the churches the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all controul over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the

ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, on which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings, but patients were frequently relieved in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. • • •

"It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread over the neighbouring Netherlands from Aix la Chapelle, where it appeared in July. In Liege, Utrecht, Tongres, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths. • • •

"At length the increasing number of the affected excited no less anxiety than the attention that was paid to them. In towns and villages they took possession of the religious houses, processions were every where instituted on their account, and masses were said and hymns were sung, while the disease itself, of the demoniacal origin of which no one entertained the least doubt, excited everywhere astonishment and horror. In Liege the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavoured by every means in their power to allay an evil which threatened so much danger to themselves."

These St. John's dancers were remarkable for strange antipathies; the sight of pointed shoes so exasperated them, that an ordinance was issued against wearing such: they shared, too, the turkey-cock's irritability at the display of red colours, and some could not endure to behold persons weeping. The disease spread rapidly among the lower orders all over the Netherlands. The streets of Metz were, at one time, filled with eleven hundred dancers. The moral consequences of this active affliction need only be hinted at. Strasburg was visited by it in 1418, and so great was the stir caused by these strange exhibitions, and the crowds that followed the sufferers, among which were bagpipers (for the patients found great pleasure in music), that the civic authorities took the matter up, and the dancers were conducted in procession to the chapels of St. Vitus, near Zabern and Rotestein, where masses were performed for their cure.

But, though the above series of occurrences is placed by Dr. Hecker at the commencement of his history, it appears in his next chapter that traditions of a similar disorder had been long current among the people—of a hundred children who had been seized with leaping fits at Erfurt in the year 1237—of two hundred fanatics, who chose to dance "on the Mosel Bridge at Utrecht on the 17th of June, A.D. 1278," and even refused to stop to do honour to the Host as it passed, "upon which, in punishment of their crime, the bridge gave way, and they were all drowned!" Other similar legends are mentioned (one of them was not long since used by our own Campbell as the foundation for a ballad), and these had most probably prepared the minds of the nervous to receive and communicate the disorder. Much imposture of course was successfully practised, and time ran on as far

as the sixteenth century, when Paracelsus turned his attention to the disease, and treated it as a bodily malady, and not a demoniacal possession.

About this time, the St. Vitus's dance began to decline. At the close of the sixteenth century, it was spoken of as a disease that *had been*. Some further facts respecting it may be interesting. We are told that it "attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labours in the fields, as if they were possessed by evil spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and unless prevented by the lookers on, continuing to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanour so completely deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that their strength might be exhausted by the high leaps they were thus tempted to take. As soon as this was the case, they fell as it were lifeless to the ground, and, by very slow degrees, again recovered their strength. • • •

"The cure effected by these stormy attacks was in many cases so perfect, that some patients returned to the factory or the plough as if nothing had happened. Others, on the contrary, paid the penalty of their folly by so total a loss of power, that they could not regain their former health, even by the employment of the most strengthening remedies. • • • That patients should be violently affected by music, and their paroxysms brought on and increased by it, is natural with such nervous disorders; where deeper impressions are made through the ear, which is the most intellectual of all the organs, than through any of the other senses. On this account the magistrates hired musicians for the purpose of carrying the St. Vitus's dancers so much the quicker through the attacks, and directed, that athletic men should be sent among them in order to complete the exhaustion which had been often observed to produce a good effect. • • • This extraordinary disease was, however, so greatly mitigated in Schenck's time, that the St. Vitus's dancers had long since ceased to stroll from town to town. • • • Throughout the whole of June, prior to the festival of St. John, patients felt a disquietude and restlessness which they were unable to overcome. They were dejected, timid, and anxious; wandered about in an unsettled state, being tormented with twitching pains, which seized them suddenly in different parts, and eagerly expected the eve of St. John's day, in the confident hope, that by dancing at the altars of this saint, or of St. Vitus (for in the Breisgau aid was equally sought from both), they would be freed from all their sufferings. This hope was not disappointed; and they remained, for the rest of the year, exempt from any further attack, after having thus, by dancing and raving for three hours satisfied an irresistible demand of nature."

Dr. Hecker in beginning his account of

† It is related by Felix Plater (born 1536, † 1614) that he remembered in his youth the authorities of Basle having commissioned several powerful men to dance with a girl, who had the dancing mania, till she recovered from her disorder. They successively relieved each other; and this singular mode of cure lasted above four weeks, when the patient fell down exhausted, and being quite unable to stand, was carried to an hospital, where she recovered. She had remained in her clothes all the time, and entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, she had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment, or to slumber, during which the hopping movement of her body continued."

† See *Athenæum*, No. 285.

Tarantism in Italy, which follows the above, observes, dryly enough, that it was very fortunate that the St. Vitus' dancers had fixed upon a patron saint, as it caused them to be treated with gentleness, and they were thereby screened from such harsh measures as were employed against others less canonically protected, and supposed to be possessed—as witches, and the like. After a few other judicious observations, he comes to speak of the Tarantism, and the music found useful for its cure, as a peculiar species of national dance-music. Times are changed—and the modern Neapolitans caper and *pirouette* for amusement to quaint old melodies, which were employed to soothe the convulsions of their forefathers. The fable of the disease originating in the bite of a venomous spider, is too well known to be dwelt on here; all that we can gather, is, that as in the case of the hundred children at Erfurt, and the two hundred dancers on the Mosel Bridge, the peasants of Italy were prepared for a sympathetic disorder by some ancient legend. We must also remember, that the fearful plagues of the middle ages—the leprosy of the Crusades—the St. Antony's fire—the Black Death—could not have passed over Europe, without producing a strong impression upon the minds, as well as the bodies, of the people; and it is not, therefore, wonderful, that fancy, working upon frames in a state of morbid sensitiveness, should induce and perpetuate the very evil to be dreaded.

"Those who were bitten," says Perotti, "generally fell into a state of melancholy, and appeared to be stupefied, and scarcely in possession of their senses. This condition was, in many cases, united with so great a sensibility to music, that, at the very first tones of their favourite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission, until they sunk to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless. In others, the disease did not take this cheerful turn. They wept constantly, and as if pining away with some unsatisfied desire, spent their days in the greatest misery and anxiety. Others, again, in morbid fits of love, cast their longing looks on women, and instances of death are recorded which are said to have occurred under a paroxysm of either laughing or weeping."

Something of the more impassioned and voluptuous spirit of the south, seems to have distinguished this incarnation of the disease from its *avatar* in Germany; the Tarantists were even more passionately sensible to music than the St. John's dancers—

"Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fife, clarinets, and Turkish drums; and patients were everywhere to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness and a fixed stare to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this over-strained exertion of mind and body the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances."

Different airs, called *tarantellas*, were composed, to suit the various moods of the patients.

"There was one kind of Tarantella which

was called 'Panno rosso,' a very lively impassioned style of music, to which wild dithyrambic songs were adapted; another, called 'Panno verde,' which was suited to the milder excitement of the senses, caused by green colours, and set to Idyllian songs of verdant fields and shady groves. A third was named 'Cinque tempi,' a fourth 'Moresca,' which was played to a Moorish dance; a fifth, 'Catena?' and a sixth, with a very appropriate designation, 'Spallata,' as if it was only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. This was the slowest and least in vogue of all. For those who loved water they took care to select love songs, which were sung to corresponding music, and such persons delighted in hearing of gushing springs and rushing cascades and streams. * *

"The music was almost wholly in the Turkish style (aria Turchesca), and the ancient songs of the peasantry of Apulia, which increased in number annually, were well suited to the abrupt and lively notes of the Turkish drum and the shepherd's pipe."

The cure of the afflicted gave occasion to a sort of annual festival, called "*Il carnevalletto delle donne*." The abhorrence and passion for colours in the Tarantists, proceeded to a much madder height than in the leapers of Germany: red seems to have been a general favourite, but they were not implicit followers of any one particular hue. The following anecdote is from Kircher:—

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetano proceeded to the monastery, that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the Tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavoured to approach the Cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his purple robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odour. The interference of the spectators, and his own respect, prevented his touching it, and thus the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude, that he presently sunk down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the Cardinal compassionately gave him his purple cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit."

Many, too, were seized with an equally delirious passion for water,—would bear about glasses of water while dancing, with the most extravagant expressions of fondness, and show an ardent longing for the sea. Others, of more sombre imagination, fancied they found relief in earth-bathing. Nor was it the natives only who were attacked by this madness; foreigners imbibed the contagion: dotards threw away their crutches and danced,—children scarcely out of their cradles joined with them. This frenzy was at its greatest height in the seventeenth century; whole bands of musicians, devoted to the cure of the *Tarantati*, traversed Italy during the summer months, and the women saved up money, before they came, to repay them, and to provide for the costs of the *carnevalletto*, so that the excitement was never permitted to die away. Even the most incredulous and sober churchmen were not proof against the contagion, for, we read that, at a later period,—

"Jo. Baptist Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, having allowed himself, by way of a joke, to be bitten by a Tarantula, could obtain a cure in

no other way than by being, through the influence of the Tarantella, compelled to dance. Others among the clergy, who wished to shut their ears against music, because they considered dancing derogatory to their station, fell into a dangerous state of illness by thus delaying the crisis of the malady, and were obliged at last to save themselves from a miserable death by submitting to the unwelcome but sole means of cure."

We learn, however, that this disease was not a very fatal one; that of these who had been bitten, only one or two in a thousand died.

We must pass the collateral chapter on Hysteria, with the curious illustrations added, in notes, by the translator—of the different insanities to which women, shut up in companies, have been especially subject—of the nuns in France who chose to *mew* in concert, till their cattish propensity was cured by a threat of flagellation—of their German sisters, who took the sharper fancy of biting each other, a pastime found particularly enticing and contagious; we must also pass the chapter devoted to the *Tigretier* of Abyssinia, with the strange anecdotes, similar to what we have already given, extracted from Nathaniel Pearce's journal, proving that a malady, like "the ancient dancing plague," still exists in these our own days, in that part of Africa. Nor can we enter upon the concluding division of the work, in which some of the deplorable effects of modern fanaticism are stated, having already devoted more space to the subject than some may think it deserves, and being willing to refrain from looking into one of the darkest and most degrading pages of the history of mind. But, in parting from this book, we must recommend it to our readers, not merely as valuable, but as very amusing; it may be beneficial, too, to those who are inclined to bear too harshly upon the extravagances of poor human nature, if it induce them to forgive as a disease, what they would persecute and ridicule as folly. Dr. Babington's notes contain many striking parallel anecdotes, and add to the interest of the work.

We observe that Dr. Hecker means to continue his labours, and that the next treatise announced, is on 'The Sweating Sickness.'

Essay on the Architecture of the Hindûs. By Rám Ráz. London: J. W. Parker.

HERE is another valuable work for which we are indebted to the Oriental Translation Fund. The Hindûs have been long known to be in possession of treatises on architecture and sculpture—sixty-four in number—called the '*Silpa Sastra*,' or handicrafts. Rám Ráz has procured a considerable portion of four of these, and a few detached chapters of others. The numerous matters of which they treat remind us forcibly of the classical work of Vitruvius; for the variety of subjects embraced, shows that the authors did not confine themselves to architecture and sculpture only. The reader will form a sufficiently clear idea of these comprehensive treatises, from the enumeration, which our author gives, of the chapters of one of them.

"It consists of fifty-eight *adhyâyas*, or chapters, each of which is devoted to a particular topic; but the portion I have in my possession contains no more than forty-one chapters, in which

are described the measures used in architecture, sculpture, &c.; the different sites to be selected for building temples and houses; the mode of determining the different points of the compass; the several sorts of villages, towns, and cities; with directions for building them; the different parts of an edifice, its ornaments, pedestals, bases, pillars, entablatures, &c.; the various sorts of temples, consisting of from one to twelve stories high; the construction of mantapas or porticos, gates and doorways, palaces, &c. &c. The remainder of the work appears to contain ample information respecting the whole process in the construction of images, and of cars, and other vehicles, in which the gods are carried in procession; but these subjects are more immediately connected with sculpture and carpentry than with architecture. It may be proper to notice, however, that a considerable portion of the whole is occupied with a minute description of the mysteries, rites, and sacrifices, to be performed on various occasions in the building of temples, houses, villages, towns, and cities, the ceremonies attending the consecration of images, the mode of determining the propitious moment for commencing to lay the foundation of an edifice; as well as rules for predicting the future prosperity of him who causes the edifice to be raised, by the aspect of the stars, the situation of the building with respect to the cardinal points, and other astrological devices."

Subsequently, our author says—

"The foregoing notice of the contents of the several treatises, or fragments of treatises, may seem to promise a good deal of useful information on the arts of which they treat; but, in truth, the architectural portions of them, if divested of all the extraneous matter with which they abound, contain little more than a dry detail of the technical names, and of the proportions of the several members of a sacred edifice."

Rám Ráz proceeds to notice the several mouldings and plain faces, which form the component parts of the orders; and minutely particularizes the pedestals, bases, shafts, capitals, and entablatures of the seven orders of Hindú architecture, the columns of which have a graduated scale from six to eleven diameters in height. He then institutes a very ingenious parallel between the orders of India, and those of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and concludes his highly interesting treatise with a description of Vimánas, or pyramidal temples, which are classified by the Hindú writers according to the material of which they are constructed, to their form, and to their magnitude. The whole of these subjects are illustrated by forty-eight plates, drawn with a precision, delicacy, and purity of outline, equal to any modern work of architecture, and lithographed by Day and Haghe with a clearness and vigour not to be excelled on copper. The two last plates present the elevation and ground plan of the Pagoda at Tiruvallur, which, for the extent of surface which it covers, the altitude of its lofty turrets, and the number and variety of its fanes, need yield to no sacred edifice of Egypt, Greece, Rome, or England, in their palmiest state of ecclesiastical magnificence: two lofty pyramidal gateways, nine stories in height, and eight Vimánas of important, though less aspiring, dimensions,—courts, temples, chapels, shrines, porticos, and numberless tombs, occupy the vast area; and, by the gorgeousness of their decorations and varying size, produce a succession of effects calculated to astonish even the best educated mind. The whole sacred precinct exceeds in extent the area of Lincoln's Inn

Fields, including also the gardens belonging to the Benchers.

This work is, we think, especially valuable, as making us acquainted not merely with the architecture, but with the principles of the architecture, of the Hindús; and further, as establishing its relative antiquity. The imperfect notions resulting from inadequate knowledge of the subject, had induced many to attribute a very remote origin to this style of architecture; but this volume seems to us to establish the fact, that Hindú architecture is not the source from which the ancient architects of Egypt and Greece derived their first principles; that, on the contrary, no immediate analogy exists between Hindú and Grecian architecture; but that the architecture of India is more likely to have derived its component parts from Roman, rather than from Egyptian or Grecian art: the great divisions of an order are the same in the Hindú and Roman, especially the pedestal, which was of Roman origin, and the contour of the mouldings. The style of enrichments announce a degradation, *still more degraded*, below the vitiated taste so prevalent in the gorgeous fabrics erected during the reigns of the Antonines and Diocletian.

Recollections, &c., by General Lamarque—[Souvenirs, &c., du Général Maximilien Lamarque, publiés par sa famille]. Vol. I. Paris: Fournier; London, Bossange & Co.

It is certainly to the credit of the French heroes of the Imperial reign, that they rose from the lower ranks of life. This circumstance, however, with the little early instruction which it implies, rendered the said heroes very unfit to illustrate their own military achievements by the pen; and very few of the marshals, if any, can be expected to leave Memoirs even comparable to those of Villars. Napoleon himself, the modern Caesar, will not bear the comparison in a literary sense. His historical fragments are indeed *Commentaries* in reality, whilst Caesar's work under that humble name is history of the highest order. Segur, indeed, has redeemed the character of the French army in this respect; but the veterans, we know, scarcely allow the young *officier de service* to have been a soldier.

Another singular remark, in connexion with this subject, may be made—viz. that Napoleon's old campaigners made better orators than writers. We know not, indeed, that any marshal, although many of them have been Prime Ministers, has made a figure in the Tribune; but General Foy was the first orator of the French opposition, more eloquent far than its lawyers, and yet Foy, in our opinion, wrote a very poor book. His 'History of the Peninsular War' is as cold as his speeches were fervid, and as prejudiced as they were generous. Lamarque was also remarkable as an orator, but hitherto as a writer he was unknown. The present Memoirs will give us the opportunity of judging him in the latter character. The first volume alone has appeared, and the first part of it is an account upon the Hundred Days, far too exclusively political for us; concerning more over a period, about which so much has been written and read, even amongst us, that we shall at once pass over to the latter half of the volume, entitled 'Souvenirs,' which we find interesting.

The following is Lamarque's own account of that feat which first marked him as one of the most gallant of the early soldiers of the Revolution:—

We had been fighting since two o'clock in the morning, and had just crossed the Bidassoa above that Isle des Conférences, where Mazarin arranged the marriage of Louis XIV., and put an end to the long wars between France and Spain.

Our column of grenadiers debouched from the village of Irun, and followed the high-road of Ernani, leaving on its right Fuenterabia, and a redoubt called *de los Capuchinos*, the shot from which battery reached us. I said, in a loud voice, "Those must be very stupid who thus leave in our rear forces by whom our communications may be cut off." A representative of the people, named Garreau, overheard this, and asked me if I would undertake to obtain possession of the redoubt. "Willingly," I replied, "if you will add two other companies of grenadiers to those already under my command." He ordered the column to halt, gave me the two companies, and I rushed towards the redoubt, which was badly defended: we took it, and found it was mounted with six guns of heavy calibre. Inflamed by this success, I pursued the Spaniards, whom we had driven from the battery, and we arrived close to the fortifications of Fuenterabia, whence we were fired upon with grape-shot: the greater part of the brave men who followed me, fell. I was too far advanced to retire; I called to a little drummer-boy who was near me, and fixing my handkerchief on the point of my sabre, I presented myself as the bearer of a flag of truce, and was admitted into the town. The council assembled; I put on airs, intimidated the Governor, and declared to some capuchin monks who were present, that I would have them hanged: these threats produced the desired effect, and the place surrendered. I ran outside the ramparts with the regularly-signed capitulation, but I could only get seventy-five men together, with whom I took possession of the gate; but, being in constant apprehension that the garrison, consisting of 700 men, would revolt against such a handful of conquerors, I made them leave the town, and go down into the ditches, along which I placed sentinels, and I raised the draw-bridge. I wrote immediately to Garreau, that we were masters of Fuenterabia. The report was soon spread abroad, and the deputies Pinet and Cavagnac started off, in order to make the garrison file off before them, and lay down their arms. When they learned that the troops were already disarmed and out of the town, their anger was extreme; they demanded, who had dared to issue such orders. "Captain Lamarque, of the Grenadiers," was the answer. Upon this they cried out in voices of thunder, "Let the impudent fellow who thus apes the General-in-Chief, and shows such disrespect to the national representation, be arrested instantly!" It was seven in the evening; I was ordered to deliver up my sword to a staff-officer, and was cast into a filthy prison in that very town which I had just conquered by the display of some boldness. Eight o'clock—nine o'clock passed away, and it will easily be imagined what singular reflections my position produced. All at once the door of my prison was thrown open; the same staff-officer to whom I had delivered up my sword, appeared, and desired me to follow him into the presence of the national representatives. I mounted a horse, we started at full gallop, and in a few minutes we were at Irun, and in the quarters of the representatives, who embraced me, laughing all the while, and saying they were waiting dinner for me. The worthy Garreau then explained to me all that had passed. He had praised me highly to his colleagues, and had been extremely surprised to learn that they had

rewarded me for my exertions by throwing me into prison; he soon succeeded in justifying me—the poor prisoner became the hero of the day; and it was decided, that he should be the bearer to the National Convention of the colours taken from the enemy. When I presented myself to the Committee of Public Safety, Robespierre had been dead for some days, and Barrère said to me, "Consider yourself happy to have come at this moment; if you had arrived a few days sooner, you would have been ill-received, for the monster we have overthrown was afflicted at the successes of the Republic, as we are afflicted at its reverses."

In after life, and during my exile, I saw Barrère again at Mons, to which place of concealment he had fled as a regicide. The hatred of the enemies of the Revolution had confounded him with Robespierre, from whom he had been so proud to separate himself.

This being Lamarque's first step in life, he failed not to improve it. He was afterwards chiefly employed in Italy, and attached to such monarchs as Bonaparte elevated to thrones in that country. Of these, as well as of his campaigns, we may expect a rich harvest in the forthcoming volumes. As we expect another of these soon, we shall limit our present extracts to the following anecdote: it is relative to M. Corbière, Home Minister of Louis XVIII., and second to Villele:—

The king dislikes his aspect, and cannot become reconciled to his trivial manner. His Majesty pretends that M. de C— is the most villainous Breton, from St. Maloes to Lorient. The first time that M. Corbière attended at the council, where His Majesty presided, he began by placing his handkerchief on the table, then his spectacles, then an enormous snuff-box. Louis XVIII., annoyed at such rusticity, exclaimed in a petulant tone, "Well, M. Corbière, will you have soon emptied your pockets?"—"Sire," replied the minister, "I may commit the crime of emptying them, but I shall at least never fall into that of filling them in your Majesty's service." M. Corbière had the right to make this reply. No one calls in question his rigid probity.

Report of William Crawford, Esq. on the Penitentiaries of the United States. Printed by order of the House of Commons.

On few subjects has there been more contradictory testimony, than the effects produced by the establishment of penitentiaries in the United States. One great cause of this, is the fact, that each penitentiary is subject to the local legislature; that there is consequently no uniformity in the system of discipline; and that the good effected in one State, has been frustrated by the defective or mischievous plans of another. A second cause is the neglect of statistical science in America; there is no central dépôt for the state-papers of the Union, and the registers are not always kept with accuracy. Under these circumstances Mr. Crawford was sent by Lord Melbourne to inspect the several penitentiaries of the United States, examine the respective systems on which they are governed, with a view of ascertaining what portions of their regulations it would be practicable and expedient to apply to the prisons of this country. This report contains the result of his examination of fifteen penitentiaries, detailed with considerable minuteness. We shall, however, direct the attention of our readers only to those general propositions which seem applicable to the

criminal legislation of England. The first peculiarity of American law noticed by Mr. Crawford, is one of great importance:—

"The most striking character, however, respecting the laws of the United States, especially to those familiar only with the circumstances and situation of criminals in Great Britain, is the desire shown for making reparation, not only to the State, by payment of a fine, but also to the party injured in cases affecting his property. In some States, in New York and Tennessee, for instance, the party injured may have execution against the convict for the amount of his loss, when capable of being estimated by damages, which is done by the jury who try the offender. In others, as Virginia and Missouri, restoration of the property stolen, or its value, forms part of the sentence. This practice obtains very generally in the cases of stealing slaves or horses; and in these instances, where restitution is not made, the sum to be paid is usually double or treble the value of the slave or horse. In Rhode Island, in the case of larceny, the owner is to receive full value as well as his property. In Connecticut, part of the punishment for forgery committed on a private person is a fine of double the amount of the damage sustained, to be paid to the injured party. The convict is generally made liable to the State for the costs of his own prosecution; but his property, if more than sufficient for this purpose, is not forfeited: indeed, the law in some instances specially provides for the administration of the estates of convicts during their imprisonment. That the fullest reparation should be made by the offender to the injured party is in the highest degree desirable, if it can be effected without, on the one hand, excluding a material, or, on the other, admitting an interested witness. But the principal object of such punishments, viz. the increased certainty of their infliction, in consequence of the additional inducement to prosecute, would not be much promoted in a community where the pecuniary circumstances of the criminals must, in the great majority of cases, render this part of the law little else than nominal. To secure the costs and fines, where the prisoner has no property, laws have in some States been passed, authorizing the court to transfer the convict to any party as a hired servant for a certain time, or to make him work out the amount in prison, by allowing him a certain sum per diem for his labour. In others he may be detained for costs, or liberated upon giving his note of hand, or continue liable to be apprehended in future should he obtain the means of payment."

The principle of procuring satisfaction to the persons injured, was always kept steadily in view by ancient legislators, but it seems strangely neglected in England. Our punishments may gratify the vindictive feelings of the prosecutor, but there is no compensation for the loss that he has sustained. In many cases, to be sure, it would be impossible to enforce restitution, still there is obvious justice in making every exertion to secure it. In England the injured person not only has to bear the original loss, but has too frequently to contribute to the expenses of the prosecution.

The Penitentiary lately established at Philadelphia, appears to be the most efficient for the accomplishment of the best purposes of prison punishment, that has yet been devised. It derives its efficacy from the strictness with which solitary confinement is enforced:—

"This penitentiary is situated about a mile from the city of Philadelphia. The site occupies about twelve acres. It is built of stone and

surrounded by a wall thirty feet in height. Every room is vaulted and fire-proof. At each angle of the boundary wall is a tower for the purpose of overlooking the establishment. In the centre is a circular building, or observatory, from which several corridors radiate: they are under complete inspection. The cells are ranged on each side of the corridors, in the wall of which is a small aperture and iron door to each cell: through this aperture the meals of the prisoner are handed to him without his seeing the officer, and he may at all times be thus inspected without his knowledge. Other openings are provided for the purposes of ventilation and warmth. Heated air is conducted by flues from stoves under the corridors. In the arched ceiling of each cell is a window for the admission of light. The cells are eleven feet nine inches long, seven feet six inches wide, and sixteen feet high to the top of the arched ceiling. The cells on the ground floor have double doors leading into a yard, eighteen feet by eight feet, in which the convict is allowed to take exercise for an hour daily. The walls of the yard are eleven feet high. Prisoners are not allowed to walk at the same time in adjoining yards; and when in the yards are inspected by a watchman placed for that purpose in the tower of the observatory. * * *

On the admission of a convict he is taken into an office at the entrance of the penitentiary and subjected to the usual course of examination. His person is cleansed and he is clothed in an uniform. He is then blindfolded and conducted to his cell. On his way thither he is for a short time detained in the observatory, where he is admonished by the warden as to the necessity of implicit obedience to the regulations. On arriving in his cell the hood is removed, and he is left alone. There he may remain for years, perhaps for life, without seeing any human being but the inspectors, the warden and his officers, and perhaps occasionally one of the official visitors of the prison. For the first day or two the convict is not allowed to have even a Bible, nor is any employment given to him for at least a week, a period during which he is the object of the warden's special observation. The prisoner soon petitions for an occupation. It is not, however, until solitude appears to have effectually subdued him that employment of any kind is introduced into his cell. * * *

"So strict is this seclusion that I found, on conversing with the prisoners, that they were not aware of the existence of the cholera which had but a few months before prevailed in Philadelphia."

One advantage resulting from this seclusion, is too remarkable to be omitted:—

"The propensity of convicts, on their liberation, to revive acquaintances formed in prison, is notorious. If any individual so situated be disposed to abandon his criminal habits he is too often assailed by temptations from his late associates, and threatened by exposure. An instance of this kind was related to me of a convict who had manifested great contrition for his past life, and conducted himself so well as to obtain his pardon from the Walnut-street prison. Having been re-committed he was asked why he had returned: he replied, 'I intended to behave well, and I went for that purpose into the State of Ohio, where I hoped that my former character would be unknown and I might set out anew in life. I got employment and was doing well, when unfortunately I one day met a man who had been a convict here at the same time as myself. I passed him, feigning not to know him: he followed me and said, 'I know and will expose you, so you need not expect to shun me. It is folly to set out to be honest. Come with me and drink, and we will talk over old affairs.' I could not escape from him: my spirits sunk in despair, and I went

with him. The result you know.' The seclusion of the Eastern Penitentiary removes this formidable obstacle to reformation. The convict, on leaving his cell, re-enters the world unknown by any of the former inmates of the prison."

The opponents of the system of solitary confinement assert that it is calculated to produce the most terrible of all inflictions, madness, and they quote in proof the result of experiments made at Auburn, in the state of New York, and also in the state of Maine. To this it might fairly be replied, that this fatal result has not occurred in the Gloucester Penitentiary, in the Glasgow Bridewell, or in the new establishment at Philadelphia; and that the effects produced in Auburn and Maine, were owing not to solitary confinement, but to the contracted dimensions and unhealthy condition of the cells in which the experiments were conducted. Mr. Crawford gives us a fearful picture of the misery produced by these experiments:—

"A trial of solitary confinement, day and night, without labour, was made at Auburn in the year 1822, for ten months, upon eighty of the most hardened convicts. They were each confined in a cell only seven feet long, three feet and a half wide, and seven feet high. They were on no account permitted to leave the cell, during that long period, on any occasion, not even for the purposes of nature. They had no means of obtaining any change of air, nor opportunities of taking exercise. The most disastrous consequences were naturally the result.

Several persons became insane: health was impaired, and life endangered. The discipline of the prison at that period was one of unmitigated severity. There was no moral nor religious instruction of any kind communicated within its walls, nor consolation administered by which the convict was enabled to bear up against the cruelty of this treatment. Nor was a trial of the same description, which took place in the State of Maine, conducted under more advantageous circumstances. The night-rooms or cells at this prison are literally pits entered from the top by a ladder, through an aperture about two feet square. The opening is secured by an iron grate, used as a trap-door; the only other orifice is one at the bottom, about an inch and a half in diameter, for the admission of warm air from underneath. The cells are eight feet nine inches long, four feet six inches wide, and nine feet eight inches high. Their gloom is indescribable. The diet, during confinement, was bread and water, only. Thus immured, and without any occupation, it will excite no surprise to learn that a man who had been sentenced to pass seventy days in one of these miserable pits hung himself after four days' imprisonment. Another condemned to sixty days also committed suicide on the twenty-fourth day. It became necessary to remove four others, who were unable to endure this cruelty, from the cell to the hospital repeatedly before the expiration of their sentence. It is said that similar experiments have been made in Virginia, and that various diseases, terminating in death, were the result. The cells in which the prisoners were confined have been since disused: they are, in fact, dungeons, being on the basement story, and so dark as to require a lamp in visiting them. In damp weather the water stands in drops on the walls. The cells were not warmed at any season of the year. A prisoner's feet were actually frozen during his confinement. No fair trial of the effects of solitude could have taken place, as has been alleged, in the penitentiary of New Jersey, the cells being so arranged that the convicts can converse with perfect freedom. From experiments of this character no just conclusions

can therefore be derived unfriendly to solitary imprisonment of any kind, especially when accompanied by employment, in large and well-ventilated cells, the arrangements of which have reference to the preservation of the health, regular employment, and improvement of the mind of the offender."

Indeed, the entire system at Auburn appears the worst possible: liberty to inflict severe punishments at pleasure is granted to the overseers, the keepers, and even the under-keepers; and this authority is very frequently abused, as might indeed have been reasonably expected.

Mr. Crawford concludes his report with some very valuable suggestions; the most important are—

"That it is expedient to diminish as much as possible the number of persons committed for safe custody only, and with this view to extend the practice of taking bail as widely as is consistent with the public interests.

"That there should be a more frequent delivery of the county gaols than twice in the year.

"That provision should be made in every gaol and house of correction for the solitary confinement of certain classes.

"The last suggestion which I take the liberty to offer is, that arrangements should be made for enabling the convict on his discharge to earn an honest subsistence. The best system of prison discipline must necessarily be ineffectual if the offender on his liberation be unable to procure employment by which to earn a creditable livelihood. So greatly, however, does the supply of labour exceed the demand throughout England, that serious difficulties are experienced in this respect by thousands who have the advantage of character and connexions, but who are nevertheless compelled to seek a subsistence by emigration to distant lands. How immeasurably are those difficulties increased when the individual is tainted by crime, and therefore shunned by society! It is in vain to look for the means of procuring employment for the discharged convict in this country. In the colonies alone can the remedy be found. If the emigration of liberated criminals to a penal colony were encouraged, an opportunity would be afforded to the best disposed to change their habits and commence a new life. That there is a large class whose depravity would dispose them to reject such a proposal cannot be questioned, and it might form a subject of consideration whether a criminal who had on his discharge from prison refused an offer of emigration, should not on reconviction be subjected to an increased punishment. There are, however, others who would gladly avail themselves of any opportunity by which they could escape from bad connexions, and avoid the numerous temptations which inevitably beset them in this country. Emigration to Australia would be the means of enabling them to maintain themselves by industry, and become, what they never can hope to be by remaining at home, honest and useful members of society."

The last suggestion we deem particularly valuable, but it may be doubted, whether it would not be found too expensive in practice.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Essay on the Construction of Cottages suited for the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes, &c.*, by George Smith, Architect.'—This work is, in an extended form, the essay which was rewarded with the prize offered by the Highland Society for the best treatise 'On the construction and disposition of dwellings for the labouring classes, calculated to combine salubrity and convenience with economy.' We have read it with great

interest, for we feel that whatever contributes to the comfort and happiness of the lower classes, tends also to their moral improvement, and, in consequence, to their greater capability of usefulness and happiness. The author adheres, we think, too strictly to the present arrangement of plan prevalent throughout the greater part of Scotland, and we consider, that if, instead of having all his rooms on the ground floor he had raised his dwellings one story above the level of soil, and put his "Room" over his "Kitchen," he would have rendered that apartment more healthy, as being less subject to the damps of the earth. There are many other advantages resulting from this change: it renders the dwelling more compact, it occupies less ground, and costs, in the erection, less money; besides, having the sleeping room distant from the living apartment is an important circumstance for the poor. We are well acquainted with this species of dwelling, and from experience feel that the writer's estimates should have fifty per cent. added to them, as regards the cost of construction. There are many observations scattered throughout the work, which would be useful to the landlord in England and Ireland, as well as the landed proprietor in Scotland, to whom we can warmly recommend it.

'*A History of British Fishes*, by William Yarrell, F.L.S.'—Here is the first number of a beautiful work, to be completed in fourteen monthly parts, illustrated by wood-cuts of all the species, and numerous vignettes. The name of Mr. Yarrell is sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the work; and we can assure our readers, that the exquisite beauty of the illustrations leaves nothing to be desired. It promises, when complete, to be a worthy companion to Bewick's *Birds*—and we know not that we could say more in its praise.

'*The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq.*' Part I.—"Another, yet another!" But this needs not our good word. The exquisite beauty of the illustrated edition of Rogers's *Poems* is known to all, and this issue in monthly numbers will enable every one of moderate income to possess themselves of one of the most delightful, and certainly one of the most beautiful, of modern works, illustrated by more than a hundred vignettes from designs by Stothard and Turner. The present edition has the additional interest of a portrait of the poet, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'*The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily*, by the Rev. G. W. D. Evans,' 3 vols.—We have been disappointed in this work, and reluctant to say so, which has occasioned the delay in noticing it. Another compilation about Italy, was not wanted; and the present is an admitted compilation, although strung together by a very thin thread of personal narrative; nor can any circumstances excuse the adding to such a work what is called an abridged translation of Lanzi's 'History of Painting,' which abridgment, however, occupies no less than 456 pages! The compilation and translation are, we admit, both done with considerable skill.

'*Harrison's Memoirs of George III.*'—These Memoirs refer to a single incident in the life of George III.—his attaining for Harrison the reward to which he was justly entitled for the invention of his time-pieces. The author accuses Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, and several others, of having entered into a conspiracy to defraud poor Harrison; and he certainly has produced strong evidence in support of the charge. The controversy, however, does not possess the slightest interest at the present day, especially as men of science have long since formed a pretty decisive opinion of the character and conduct of Dr. Maskelyne.

'*The Church Question.*'—We have received numberless pamphlets on this important topic. With-

out discussing a question so obviously unsuited to this paper, we hope to satisfy both authors and readers by describing the literary character of the more important of the tracts before us. '*A Curate's Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*,' is a bold statement of the hardships to which the author asserts that the working clergy are subjected; it is vigorously written; the facts seem to be well authenticated, and the arguments deduced from them are urged with equal strength and modesty. '*Kenrick's Political Establishment of Christianity*,' is an attempt to show that a Church Establishment, however conducted, is contrary to the principles of the gospel: the author's inferences are not always supported by his premises. '*An Essay on Church Patronage*,' which we have heard is the production of the Rev. John Sinclair, is intended to refute a doctrine spreading very rapidly in Scotland, that congregations have an indefeasible right to elect their own ministers. He argues the point with great learning and acuteness: his temperate zeal must win the respect of his adversaries, even if they remain unconvinced by his arguments. '*An Address to the Curates of the Church of England*,' written, we presume, by one of that very meritorious body, powerfully exposes evils which have arisen from misdirected patronage. The author, however, is more successful in detecting evils than suggesting remedies. '*Manifesto of a Neutral*,' a eulogy on Sir Robert Peel, in which the most remarkable of that statesman's claims on public confidence are wholly omitted.

'*A Treatise on Marine Surveying*, by J. C. Robson.'—A work much wanted, and which will be found of great value to young officers, about to be employed on a surveying expedition.

'*R. H. Herschell's Sketch of the Jews*.'—The author, a converted Jew, has written this little work to interest Christians generally in behalf of his "brethren according to the flesh." He gives some particulars of the manner in which the Jews celebrate their solemn fasts and feasts, and though his information is not so full as that afforded by the authoress of '*Sophia and Emma de Lissau*,' it is authentic, and will, we trust, diminish the prejudices which still exist against "the remnant of Israel."

'*Powell on the Liberation of Jerusalem and Judea*.'—A grave proposal for a new crusade to deliver Palestine from the Mohammedan powers.

'*Kennedy's Prelections*.'—These lectures on Greek Literature were delivered when the reform in the classical course of the Dublin University was commencing; they display knowledge and taste. The range of subjects to which they introduce students is rather beyond the sphere to which under-graduates are usually limited, but they will be found a useful and pleasing introduction to a critical study of the more difficult Greek writers.

'*The Sees of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Colonies*, &c. by T. Seppings.'—A little volume in which all relating to the consecration, translation, residences, &c. of the archbishops and bishops is made clear for immediate reference; containing, also, the schedule and clauses of the Irish Church Temporalities Act, referring to transference of jurisdiction, union of bishopricks, &c. and other matters on which information may be required.

'*The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1835*.'—'*Vacher's Parliamentary Companion for 1835*.'—'*The Parliamentary Indicator*.'—These works will all be found useful, and their general character may be inferred from their several titles. They have some points of agreement—but the first is the more full in general information—the second is brief and cheap—and the last claims especial attention, for the facts collected together from notes and speeches tending to show the political principles of the different members.

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

GERMANY.—By O. L. B. WOLFF, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF JENA.

ALTHOUGH my whole life has been devoted to the examination and study of what the Romans called *Bona Littera*, and to tracing the progress and decline, as well as marking the varieties and characteristics, of most literatures—although duty, as well as taste, have engaged me in this pursuit, and I have thereby become intimately familiar with the history and works of the great geniuses of my own land—I must nevertheless own, that it is not without anxiety and trepidation that I commence the task before me. To address a foreign reader in his own tongue, is an attempt from which, however flattered by the choice which urged me to the undertaking, I should certainly have shrunk, but for the incitement of several strong motives; and not the least of these, has been an affection for England, and for English literature—long the study, not only of such mere critics as myself, but also the Helicon of the leading spirits of Germany—the primer wherein they learned to be natural, and natively sublime. Germany has not, in fact, possessed one genius during the last sixty years, who did not become or prove such, in greater or less degree, from having studied the immortal Shakespeare;—of Scott or Byron I need not speak; and it will now be generally admitted that the influence of both nations—that is, of the literature and mind of the two nations—one upon the other, is so great, that a more intimate knowledge of each other has become indispensable; and, therefore, that to further this is a duty, in which we should all bear a part.

The importance of this duty will be increased, when we consider how few opportunities can be afforded to Germans for offering a portrait of their literature, or country, to English readers. Even when Germans have addressed themselves to the task, and undertaken to represent the state of letters at home, they have too often done so in a spirit of literary partizanship, and in the hope of winning applause for this name, and for that sect, rather than with the purpose of giving a fair and impartial view of German literature, and of those master-spirits who created and perfected it. For myself, I can at least promise, that I begin my undertaking in a fair spirit, unbiassed by partiality or literary sectarianism.

Previous to entering upon an account of recent times, it is requisite to attempt a short delineation of the earlier state and subsequent progress of German literature. Unfortunately its infancy was obscure, one obstacle in the way of making the chronicle complete—it was never the fostered child of monarchs—the days of the Minnesingers being far beyond our reach. German literature was always popular, often vulgarly so; and this circumstance of its early condition, however unfavourable to finished or great productions it might be, was most propitious to the development of a national language, and to the foundation of a literature destined to be original and gigantic. The advantages, however, of this wide popularity on which it was based, were more than counteracted by the melancholy subdivision of Germans into Saxons, Suabians, Prussians, Bavarians, &c., which weakened the tie of a common country and a common tongue. And the attempt among the learned to supply this latter requisite by the use of Latin, above all other things retarded the establishment of the German language; Latin being exclusively devoted to literature, and employed by learned men.

But when Luther shook off the tyranny of the Pope, he abolished also the Roman language, and introduced the Saxon dialect as the language of books. For a time his example

was followed; and so glorious a precedent was particularly imitated by those who attacked the Roman Catholic church, and strove to imbue the nation with a better and sounder faith. But this favourable turn was not of long duration. Ecclesiastical controversies began to divide the new church: the adherents of Luther became more intolerant than even those of the Pope had been before; they searched for heretics as keenly as the Catholics, and, like them, turned their hostilities against those of their brethren who did not follow out the Lutheran principles to the letter, and persecuted them, (particularly in Saxony, the cradle of the Reformation,) under the name of Crypto-Calvinists. The people in general took no great part in these quarrels; and the learned men, who found the Latin language the most convenient for their orthodox discussions, as they called them, re-assumed it in their writings; so that the German language sunk again into neglect, and was left uncultivated till the middle of the last century.

I have already remarked, that German poetry never had the good fortune to find a protector upon the different thrones of its wide-spread soil. There certainly was a period during which it flourished, and princes, and dukes, nay, even emperors themselves, did not disdain to tune the German lyre; but this golden age was not peculiar to Germany alone: for in those days of chivalry to which I allude, poetry was, over all Europe, considered as the flower of high breeding; and, though our Suabian Minnesingers were inspired by love and gallantry, as well as the Troubadours of blooming Provence, and the Trouveres and Minstrels of Normandy, we cannot but consider them, if we would be impartial, as scholars of the latter, especially in all which concerns lyric poetry. The same romantic spirit—the same sophisticated ideas of love and honour, and even the same metrical and poetical forms which are found in the songs of the then celebrated *Langue d'Oc*—appear also in the lyrical strains of our national poets, who flourished in that bright time when poetry was, as it always and every where should be, the free property of the people; and the mighty Duke Henry of Breslau, as well as the poor Jew, Süsskind, betook themselves equally to the same delicious occupation.

But this happy period did not last long: it passed away with the spirit of chivalry; and the Nine Sisters, who, during the 13th and 14th centuries, had adorned and enlivened the courts of princes, and the castles of the barons, were banished to cities, and sought refuge among the artisans. These good fellows treated the freest of arts mechanically, and forgot that half of its charm consisted in its freedom. The subjects of their rhymes were considered of no consequence so long as the form was correct. They erected schools, in which poetizing was taught by rules; and these rules made it as stiff and awkward, and deprived it as utterly of fancy and genius, as were their low condition and occupation. We may characterize the poets of that leaden time in a few words:—they were cobblers, joiners, tailors, on working days; but, on Sundays, when Divine Service was over, they became rhymesters, and then measured out their verses as, during the past week, they had measured their cloth, leather, or wood.

This mechanical mode of verse-making, though not beneficial to poetry itself, was nevertheless of great use to those who professed it, by developing and fostering a spirit of investigation and an inclination to knowledge, which contributed to fit them to enjoy the benefits of the Reformation. No sooner had the daring and intrepid Augustine monk shaken the antique shrines of

popery to their base, than his voice found an echo in the hearts of all those men who had long felt, that nothing was more unworthy of humanity than the depraved tyranny which had enthralled the multitude under the mask of religion. A spirit of religious freedom passed through the whole country, and found a stronghold in almost every town, particularly in those of northern Germany. The land was soon divided between two parties: every one became either a friend or an enemy to the new doctrine—but, on whichever side he enlisted, he showed himself ready to attack his antagonists with words and deeds. The agitation of this time had the happiest influence upon our native tongue. The principal aim of the great Luther was to give freedom and instruction to the people: this could only be accomplished through the instrumentality of their native language, and by using it for the loftiest purposes. All the adherents of the Reformer followed his glorious example, and their adversaries were compelled to employ the same weapons, in order to stay the progress of the dangerous creed. Both parties availed themselves of all possible aid, and poetry was soon engaged as an auxiliary on either side. It was especially used in religious and satirical songs. Poetry, as concerned itself, was no immediate gainer by the contest, for the subjects on which it was employed were always the same; but the German language improved exceedingly; in the course of the struggle, its richness was increased, and, from being coarse and awkward, it became easy and flexible. We can boast no great poetical production of that time, with the exception of some excellent religious songs, written under the inspiration of a true and unshaken faith. The religious wars which ensued, checked the progress of national literature for more than half a century.

After the peace of Westphalia, we enter upon a new era; and from this time forth, poetry ceased to belong to the people;—it became the property of the learned. Since then, we can trace the establishment of poetical schools in Germany. This was a novelty; for, though at the period of the Meistersingers, almost every town possessed a poetical institution of its own, they were all governed by the same rules. Silesia, which had suffered the least during the thirty years war, was the first district which offered an asylum to the Muses, and where they established the first school of poetry. Martin Opitz von Boberfeld (secretary and historiographer to the King of Poland, born in 1597, at Bunzlau, and died in 1639, at Dantz, of the plague,) must be considered as its founder, and as the reformer of German poetry. He was a man of great talent, much knowledge, and well skilled in ancient and modern literature, acquired by travelling, and the experience of social life among the higher orders; but at the same time he was utterly devoid of poetical imagination. This was the reason why he only strove to imitate the stiff and awkward forms of the French and Dutch rhymers; and his disciples followed faithfully his example. They had no idea of that true poetic fiction to which our nation has always been inclined; and their poems were nothing more than formal school exercises. Lyrical composition, especially of the sacred order, was mostly cultivated; and with this, for similar uses, didactic poetry. There are also some songs of lighter cast which are worthy of notice; but they are very few. All the followers of Opitz wrote more for the understanding than the feelings. They were all good people—faithful subjects, worthy scholars, kind husbands—everything and anything but poets—Flemming (a highly gifted genius,) alone excepted. The most celebrated names of that period, besides the two above mentioned, are A. Gryphius, Simon Dach, Andreas Tscherning,

Zacharias Lundius, Robert Rotherthin, Heinrich Albert, Christopher Homburg, and Andreas Scultetus.

It was not long before the want of internal feeling, of fervid and glowing imagination, in the writings of these men, began to be felt; and a new school (the second Silesian,) was formed, the members of which strove to inspire themselves with all those qualities they had found wanting in the works of their predecessors. But they were blind enough not to see that the true source of feeling, as well as of a glowing and rich imagination, should be sought nowhere else but in their own hearts. Instead of this, they searched for them in the poetical stores of foreign nations, and from their very onset, were as mere imitators as Opitz and his adherents had been before them; with this difference—that they took other models; and, believing that they could find what they wanted in the excesses of the Italian *concertists*, Guarini, and still more, the tasteless Marino, were the writers they copied. Exaggeration, in every respect, became their watchword: bombast seemed to them sublimity—puns, witticisms, a surfeit of images, richness of fancy, and pedantic polymathy, characterized their performances. The leaders of this party were Christian Hoffman von Hoffmannswaldau, (counsellor of the emperor, and president of the senate, born at Breslau, 1618—died there, 1679,) and his friend and worshipper, Daniel Casper von Lohenstein, (counsellor of the emperor, and first syndic of the town of Breslau, born at Nimptsch, in Silesia, 1635—died, 1683.) These were, both of them, men of great abilities, and deep scientific knowledge. The younger scholars of Opitz soon raised an opposition against them, though not a hostile one; for, in those days, German poets lived in the most perfect union together, and loved each other as fellow-worshippers of the same Deity. Their opposition consisted in nothing more than writing in a very simple and correct style; and whereas the first may be considered prodigals in all which concerns poetical ornament, the latter may be called poetical misers. But true inspiration being also wanting to them, their performances in general were nothing better than dull rhymed prose. Men of talent are rare during this whole period: some names alone emerge, and are worthy of being mentioned—as, for instance, Canitz, Wernike, Günther, and others.

Taste was destined to sink still lower at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, when a most insipid fashion of aping French manners and customs found its way into Germany, and not merely perverted common life, but even common conversation, and still more, the style and language of literary men; for the latter were not content with making use of French phrases, but even ran to the extreme of Gallicizing German words; so that a song or an essay of that time resembled “a fool’s motley garb.” Nor was this folly opposed till it had reached its highest point; for, to be gallant, was considered the first quality of an author as well as of a coxcomb.

Johann Christoph Gottsched (Professor at the University of Leipzig, born, 1700, at Juditenkirch, near Königsberg—died, 1766,) was the first who resisted the reign of this absurdity; but he was, unluckily, himself a man without taste and talent, though he acted with the best intention of reforming and purifying both language and style. He founded a German society (1724) with that object—but made a mistake even in its foundation, for he recommended his own lifeless and cold poetry, in which he had closely imitated the French classical writers of the age of Louis XIV., as a standard of the utmost correctness, regularity, and elegance. To be correct, regular, and intelligible, was all he required in an author. In this manner he at-

tacked openly, and without fear, the school of Lohenstein and Hoffmannswaldau, and praised the first Silesian poets, as well as the imitators of the ancients, and the French classics. If this did not prove altogether useless to German literature, it had, on the other hand, a pernicious influence: for it retarded the free development of its true worth and vigour, by reducing it to a mere mechanical study of forms and measures.

The Professor of Leipzig gained a large number of adherents, particularly among those who were of opinion, that the art of putting together words, and finding rhymes, make a poet, and that no other mental endowments were necessary. But, fortunately, these false and feeble notions were very soon opposed by powerful antagonists. Two Swiss, Johann Jacob Bodmer, (born, 1698, at Greifensee, near Zurich—died, 1783, at Zurich,) and Johann Jacob Breitinger, (born, 1771, at Zurich—died, 1776,) rejecting the principles of the second Silesian school, and demanding purity and correctness in poetry and prose, recommended the ancient classics, and strove to revive the taste for the old national poetry, as well as to enrich the German language by good translations. But a deep and reverential understanding of the works of antiquity, and the study of English authors, particularly of Milton, had given their minds a direction which differed totally from that acknowledged by Gottsched as the only right one. Though, in reality, they possessed no very high idea of poetry, which they regarded merely as the interpreter of morality, they felt that it could not exist without some intrinsic value of its own. They allowed a greater scope to the powers of fiction, and would not sacrifice mighty and energetic thoughts to correctness of style, smoothness of verses, or facility in rhyming. But they fell into the error of too much undervaluing symmetry of form, and purity of language. They even went so far as to banish rhyme altogether, as unnecessary. After the first attack, which they directed against Gottsched, and to which he did not fail to answer immediately, there ensued, about the year 1740, an open war, which lasted till the death of the former, and was carried on with great bitterness, and a total want of all courtesy. German authors were in consequence for a long time divided into two parties; and the names of Gottschedianer or Leipziger, and Bodmerianer or Schweizer, resounded everywhere.

The latter party triumphed; but its victory was not of long duration—for a new school formed itself, (the second Saxon one, that of Gottsched being the first,) without a principal leader, but composed of highly-gifted members. They adopted such principles of both parties as seemed to them good, and went their own way. The publishing of a literary journal, commonly called ‘*Bremische Beiträge*,’ drew upon them the attention of all Germany. The contributors were men whose names are still repeated with veneration—as, for instance, Cramer, Ebert, Gärtner, Gellert, Gisecke, Kästner, J. E. and J. A. Schlegel, Rabener, K. A. Schmid, &c. Similar endeavours were made by Gleim, Uz, Götze, with whom, somewhat later, Lange, Pyra, Ramler, Kleist, Sulzer, Mendelssohn, and other worthies, associated themselves. To these Klopstock appeared as a star of the first magnitude on the horizon of poetry, and was equally adored by all; even where he was not thoroughly understood, they at least guessed his greatness. Literature now began a new existence: a stronger feeling of unity began to pervade the German mind; and the struggles and victories of the magnanimous Frederic II. King of Prussia, towards the end of this period, awakened again

† Its original title was ‘*Neue Beiträge Zum Vergnügen des Verstandes und Witzes*.’ Bremen: 1745—46, 6 vols.

even political interests, which had slumbered since the religious wars. Poetical productions of every kind, and of superior merit when compared to those of a preceding age, appeared; religious poetry was raised to a new elevation by Klopstock, Gellert, Cramer, Uz, and others; a graceful and pleasant direction was given to more profane lyrics, by Hagedorn's efforts; while serious didactic verse was cultivated by Haller, and still more, by Klopstock and his admirers. The latter opened also a new path to epic poetry, with his 'Messias,' an immortal work: I need not here enter into an examination of its beauties, as it has been more than once translated into English, and, to my knowledge, met with great success.† The English master-works of didactic and descriptive poetry were also very happily imitated; for the authors of Great Britain at that time exercised no small influence upon German literature. But the imitations of English novels, particularly of tales of domestic life, proved less successful. Much attention was likewise paid to the stage; but the authority which the French dramatic authors still continued to usurp, and too little knowledge of theatrical requisites, prevented much progress in this branch of literature, in which even Klopstock failed. In short, every kind of poetry was, at this time, cultivated with more or less success;—the period (from 1721 to 1765,) is generally called the period of the first regeneration of German national literature.

The following era is a still happier and more glorious one; for from the year 1765, a general love for literature and the fine arts began to spread itself over the whole of Germany. The several princes now found delight in protecting and encouraging them; and the nobility, who had hitherto considered them as unworthy of their attention, began to attempt their cultivation with enthusiasm and diligence. Men of high talent, hitherto unknown, associated themselves with the great men who hailed the dawning of so bright a day. No kind of poetry was left unnoticed and uncherished, and the German muse attained her highest splendour by a series of true and patriotic endeavours. The authority of the French Aristotelic school, which had hitherto prevailed, though in the last years shaken to its foundation by Klopstock, now found a powerful assailant in Lessing, who annihilated its tyranny for ever. Wieland, the first who introduced Shakspeare amongst us, became his firm ally. Nature and feeling were henceforth the main consideration in all German poetry, and a coalition of young, highly-gifted men, known under the name of the Poetical Union of Göttingen, to which Miller, Bürger, Voss, Hölty, Count C. and Count F. L. Stolberg belonged, sent forth excellent works, though sometimes the writers went too far in their search after simplicity and truth, and erred in the choice of their subjects—but on a sudden two leading stars arose in the horizon of German poetry, and showed the right path. These were Goethe and Schiller, two poets of European fame, till now unrivalled, unsurpassed. They exerted the greatest and most lasting influence over all their countrymen; and, in some respects, every German writer of the age we live in may be considered as their disciple. With them arose a third poet of the greatest genius, like them unparalleled, but not enjoying an influence equal to theirs, for he stood isolated from his birth to his death. This was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

During this period incredible progress was made, not only in poetry, but in all other sciences, particularly in philosophy, in which our nation surpassed all others. These were of the greatest use to poetry and the fine arts, for they served to fix the necessary rules and to enlarge the boundaries of their realm. Lyrical poetry, the

drama, the romance, and the novel, were principally cultivated, and our literature soon became, in every respect, a successful rival of those which had before been looked upon by us as models worthy of imitation.

The year 1800 must be considered as the close of this happy period, for a new school then arose—the romantic one, headed by the brothers, A. W. and F. Schlegel in criticism, and Ludwig Tieck in poetry. They have been differently judged; but it cannot be doubted that their influence has been a favourable one. They aimed at uniting the poetry of the Middle Ages with that of our time, and strove to draw the mystic creed of those days, as well as the treasures of southern fiction, into the circle of German literature, in order to give it a thoroughly supernatural direction. They found a great number of adherents, but as many adversaries; and the contest, which lasted till the general war against Napoleon, was left undecided, though it was, in every sense, most advantageous to the progress of literature. A new and most praiseworthy zeal was awakened during the general enthusiasm of the years 1813—1815; for the Germans then felt that they were one nation united against a common enemy, and this found a glorious utterance in their poetry; but the following years were less fruitful; and though men of genius and talents have appeared in our own days—though even all the other sciences in Germany have pursued their progress—Poetry has rather suffered than gained in this time of doubt and uncertainty: she is now no more a priestess, reconciling man and God, but a genius of hatred and persecution; and the dubious political doctrines which now begin to gain so great an influence, have led even some of our greater poets astray. They are not fighting for true freedom as free-born men should always do; they are not wishing all their fellow-creatures to be equal in the eye of the law, and obedient to it; but they are struggling for a liberty which satisfies their vanity and their egotism, and unhappy Poetry must serve them in their ambitious purposes as a fettered slave.

Before I enter upon the details, which a sketch of the last fifty years requires, I must add a short account of the fate of German prose. It is closely connected with the fortunes of the German language, and I may therefore refer to my remarks upon the latter down to the middle of the last century. The dispute of Gottsched and his antagonists, though it exercised no great influence upon the style of our prose writers, at least had the effect of drawing attention to the subject; and the members of the second Saxon school endeavoured to cultivate it, and to introduce eloquence, clearness, and elegance into their prose compositions. The illustrious physician Haller, and with him the pure-hearted Gellert, and the sharp-sighted Rabener, were the first who showed, by their example, how it could be improved. From that time it made rapid progress, and kept an even pace with the spread of science: it was applied to all branches of knowledge; and the Latin tongue, though assiduously cultivated, ceased to be the privileged language of learned men, and these latter have shown clearly that they could effect infinitely more with their own language. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, German prose reached a height almost incredible, compared with the point at which it had been fifty years before: its greatest strength being put forth in novels, historical essays, and sermons. In letters and political speeches it has not yet attained that perfection which is to be found in the English and French writings of that era, for we still want a certain graceful easiness of style. I shall find hereafter opportunity to speak more at large of those authors to whom our prose style is particularly indebted for its improvement.

After having led the reader with the rapidity

of a bird through these various epochs of German literature, I must now come to my original task, and offer him a series of critical biographies, which shall contain, at the same time, in close connexion, detailed notices of German literature and its vicissitudes during the last fifty years, with some account of the lives of the most eminent authors. The order I follow must be a chronological one, for our poets, in general, do not restrict themselves to a single description of poetry; they have tried their strength in different styles, and are very often, at the same time, authors of songs, novels, epic poems, and tragedies. My task, therefore, requires me to employ only the following divisions: Poets, Historians, and Orators.

POETS.

Both the chronological arrangement which I have adopted, and my own judgment, lead me to begin my list of our poets with Goethe, the man who, for so long a period, was the Alpha and Omega of German poetry, and whose name was the Shibboleth of our critics. He must, indeed, be considered as the mightiest of all the sons of song of whom Germany has ever boasted; and I surely think that not any one would, in these later times, have attacked his well-deserved fame, if some of his blind admirers had not had the temerity to proclaim him also the best of men, and even to compare him, with presumptuous adulation scarcely credible, to our Saviour himself. The rising generation was not inclined to bow before their idol with that blind veneration which his worshippers enjoined as a duty; and its chief men began to examine whether Goethe had thoroughly fulfilled his duty to his father-land. The result of this inquiry was not altogether satisfactory; and they found, or at least imagined they had found, that in some things he had failed; they considered and spoke of Goethe in three different characters—as poet, as minister of state, and as a man. With this distinction we shall not concern ourselves, having only to treat of him as a poet; we therefore proceed to a rapid historical survey of the events of his life, so far as they are illustrative of, or illustrated by, his works.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the son of a wealthy lawyer at Frankfurt on the Maine, was born the 28th August, 1749. Good fortune may be said to have watched his cradle, and never to have forsaken him during his long and illustrious life; nay, she accompanied him even to his grave, for his mortal remains repose honourably between those of the two greatest men of their time—the Grand-Duke Charles Augustus of Saxony and the high-minded Schiller, in the family vault of the Princes of Weimar. Even a mischance, which occurred at his birth, (for, through the awkwardness of the midwife, the child came senseless into the world,) proved a blessing to his fellow-citizens. The art of midwifery had till then been neglected in the town of Frankfurt; but the attention of young Goethe's grandfather, the Schultheiss (Mayor), being turned to the subject by this accident in his own family, the senate thenceforth took care to provide better instructed practitioners. Wolfgang was the only son of his parents,—a younger brother dying very early,—and the survivor became the darling of his mother, and even of his father, an honourable, well-educated, kind-hearted man, though somewhat odd and whimsical.

After having received an excellent education under the paternal roof, in the course of which the boy showed himself clever, spirited, and endowed with no ordinary variety of gifts, he left his native town in the year 1765, being placed at the University of Leipzig, with the intention of studying jurisprudence. But his genius for poetry and the fine arts prevailed over these graver studies: he spent his time with gay companions, who, like himself, courted the muses and

† A very good English translation of the 'Messias,' in blank verse, appeared, 1823, at Hamburg, by a Mr. Edgeworth. I do not believe it has been much known in England; but it deserves great praise.

the fair sex, and preferred the theatre and the Küchengärten to the dull and gloomy lecture-rooms of the followers of Bartholus and Cujacius. Though our young student, as will readily be believed, made but little progress in law, his sojourn at Leipzig proved of great service to him, for at least he there acquired some knowledge of the world, a greater ease of demeanour, and a more refined taste. After having passed almost three years there, a serious illness brought him back to his father's house; but the worthy lawyer was not well satisfied either with the learning or the habits of his only son; he therefore sent him as soon as possible to Strasburg, in order that he might there apply himself with greater industry to the study of the precepts of Themis. He arrived at that city in the year 1770, and led a very agreeable life there, in company with some young men of talent. He had also the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Herder, who, being somewhat older than himself, and a man of deep learning, was of infinite use to him, and encouraged his taste for English literature, as well as incited him to apply himself to serious studies, which he really did, though he followed therein rather a whimsical inclination than a regulated plan. An innocent love affair (he had already been similarly engaged at Leipzig, and, even at an earlier period, at Frankfurt,) served to awaken all his energies; and the consequence of this was, that, in due time, he took the degree of Doctor *utrinque*, and returned home a handsome, lively, and clever young man, full of hope and promise.

During the first period of his sojourn at home, he seems to have found more favour with his mother, (whose darling he had always been,) than with his father; for the young Doctor was somewhat flippant, and his notions of men and manners were often directly opposed to those of his quiet, moderate, and perhaps too reasonable father; but he soon learned to yield to him, and they lived together in the greatest possible harmony. Old Goethe had constantly looked with a friendly and fatherly eye upon his son's poetical talent; and as the latter, who cultivated this heavenly gift with an intense feeling of what it might one day prove, now applied himself to its study with steady perseverance, in order to please his father. His sister Cornelia, his most intimate friend and playmate since his earliest childhood, exercised likewise no small influence over him; and it was at her request that he began the afterwards so much celebrated tragedy, 'Goetz von Berlichingen', an English translation of which was one of the earliest works of Sir Walter Scott. The old knight's autobiography, with which Goethe had already made acquaintance while at Strasburg, and in which honesty, kindheartedness, high courage, and fine feeling, are blended with a certain bold rudeness, is one of the best and most faithful pictures of the time in which it was written; and its character, together with the deep dramatic interest it possesses, led the young poet to select it as one of the best subjects he could find for his first work of consequence. After having occupied himself long in considering the subject, he composed the whole tragedy with great rapidity, and had it printed and published at his own expense, by the advice of his friend Merk, of Darmstadt, who, in those days, took an active part in Goethe's undertakings. The drama had scarcely appeared, when it was greeted with most unusual, but well-deserved applause. Its author had opened an entirely new path, and crowds of imitators made haste to follow him, and to glean in the same fields where the favorite of the muses had reaped immortal laurels.

Never before had a German writer ventured to give a true and faithful picture of the time in which Goethe's hero lived, and to show, by shaking off the trammels of for-

mality, how forcibly an author can chain the world's attention, when he knows, and dares to represent things as they really exist, at the same time not violating the true genius of poetry. Fortune stood his friend on this occasion also; for the time which he depicted in 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' offered a direct contrast to the period in which the drama appeared. Those brave old days of the strong hand had been days of war and dissension—of fierce rudeness and blunt honesty: the present were stagnant times, when character was more monotonous; the contrast therefore could not be otherwise than most striking, and its success certain. Goethe had very happily hit upon the true German strain, as well as that simple and original style and manner, which his poem required. He was indebted for the latter to his own sound sense, and to the strong impressions which he had lately received from the study of Homer and Shakspeare. But many of his critics are mistaken when they believe him to have shown himself so true a German in his 'Goetz' from patriotism. Goethe was never a patriot—he was a cosmopolite. All nature was his Fatherland, and not those few hundred miles governed by sundry dozens of princes, and called the States of the German Confederacy.

Goethe began his authorship with 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and presently acquired a very honourable name in the literary world; even the old pilgrims of Parnassus considered him as a youth—eccentric, but promising. Although he spent his days in good society, sometimes at home, sometimes on very agreeable journeys, or at Wetzlar and Darmstadt, and was not visited by care or sorrow, (however inclined he might sometimes be, after the established fashion of poets, to prepare the latter for himself,) he never ceased to be, what he often called himself, the true and faithful son of the muses. His second work, 'The Sorrows of Werther,' appeared very soon after his first; it was published in the year 1774, and its success was almost incredible. The sad event, upon which this well-known story is founded, had really happened to the son of a respectable clergyman, whose name was Jerusalem, whom Goethe had known at Wetzlar. But the author of Werther was, himself, at the time when the news of Jerusalem's death reached him, placed in a similar situation, and his oppressed soul found some relief in giving utterance to all that the unhappy suicide had suffered. 'The Sorrows of Werther' may, therefore, be in some respects considered as confessions—a sufficient reason for the immense applause they received. This book is the first original German *sentimental* novel, and the influence of English literature upon it is undeniable, but its real merit lies in its showing

The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure.

Such sentiments as the poet advanced in this work, lay like fertile germs in the hearts of many youths, ready to shoot up at the first mild shower. That time of frivolous gallantry which I mentioned awhile ago, was past; a deeper, though perhaps not a less pernicious, tone of feeling had taken its place, and Goethe's 'Werther' was the morning star which heralded a new day-break. It described the workings of deep-rooted passion, and showed that a certain earnest and gloomy spirit was beginning to pervade the German mind; in short, it may be regarded as a sign prophetic of that war of opinions, which is now raging more fiercely than ever. A real *Werthermania* began to infect the quiet land of the Germans; young men were not contented with writing *Wertheriades* upon *Wertheriades*; they even dressed like the new hero, and followed the example of his suicide—sacrificing their lives, it may be said in paroxysms of imitation, rather than of real feeling or heart-breaking passion.

In the meantime, he who raised this tempest, was leading a very agreeable life. Too young to share the fame of Klopstock and Wieland, but known by his singular, and, in the opinion of some critics, incomparable works, he appeared to his contemporaries a dazzling meteor, rushing through heaven on a career different from that of all the other celestial bodies. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, then a young man, made his acquaintance, and, charmed by a congeniality of nature, invited Goethe to his capital. Goethe accepted the invitation, and in the course of the next year went to Weimar: in this Court he found a Prince, who was as great a man as he was a ruler—his Princess, the unrivalled model of German ladies—men of talent and high endowments—and, what was better than all, a general disposition to enjoy God's good gifts openly and generously. No wonder, therefore, that the young Doctor *utrinque* liked this place too well ever to quit it again, for it was a fit garden for such noble plants as himself to flourish in. In short, he became very soon the Duke's prime favourite, and it is difficult to say which of the two was the more honoured by this friendship. They remained united even unto death, and in the course of their long-protracted companionship, had to brave the storm, as well as enjoy the sunshine.

The rest of the poet's personal adventures may be told in a few words. He was rapidly exalted from one dignity to another, until he found himself State Minister of the Dukedom of Saxe-Weimar; but his office did not stand in the way of his poetry, such having been the intention of his munificent friend. Goethe always possessed the secret of spending his days undisturbedly, and thus he passed his life according to his humour. Some years after, having accompanied the Duke to Switzerland, he made a journey to Italy; he visited Carlsbad every year, and always returned to Weimar highly honoured, and as free from all service as he desired to be. His fame increased, for one immortal work of his genius succeeded the other; Germany considered him as the prince of poets,—homage from all parts of the world was laid at his feet: the most devoted respect was paid to him on every side; a court of gifted men surrounded him; the first talent of Germany was subject to his will, and he used at times to exercise his power over it somewhat tyrannically. He died,—after a happy life, fortunate to the last, in that the creative powers of his genius never forsook him,—on the 22nd of March, 1832, in his eighty-third year.

There have arisen long and enduring disputes whether Goethe possessed more talent or more genius—whether he was the original inventor of his poetical works, or only the modeller of creations which already existed, gifted with the skill of working them anew in such refined forms that they appeared to be his real property—his own children, not adopted ones. This point is, and will always be, very difficult to decide; it is true that he appropriated everything of which he could make use, but it became quite a new substance in his hands, and a work of his, even when professedly an imitation, was a model for others, for a better one of its kind could not be found. On the other hand, all his creations are so faithfully derived from nature herself, that we are tempted by their intense truth to believe that we see an old acquaintance, when it is a new figure that makes its appearance. This is the characteristic of genius: who is there that has not known a similar feeling, when reading Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto?

In my own opinion, Goethe is greatest as a lyric poet; in this class of composition, I can find no one equal to him, though I am not a total stranger to the lyrics of antiquity or of modern times. It is true, that in popular and really national songs, there are to be found strains which inspired him, and which we must regard as the models he studied

to imitate. In all his songs, ballads, and elegies, Goethe always is, what he wishes to be, a *Proteus* who never shows himself in his real shape, but assumes a better, purer, more beautiful, more innocent form, which he found in the realms of poetry. It is by this extraordinary talent, that he conquers every mind, because each finds a part, or its whole self reflected there, as in a radiant mirror. This, joined to his deep insight into the nature of things, which he possessed in a measure equalled by no one, enabled him to find, without erring, the true tints, local colours, the accessory objects, which show his images not alone in the best, but in the only real light. In short, nature could give no better copy of herself than he does, and therefore, he never fails to excite the same feelings in the soul of the reader or the hearer, as those which he depicts in his songs. I must be permitted here, to give one example out of thousands; nor do I know anything more passionate, true, and simple, than the following song, which has been translated, with literal fidelity:—

Welcome and Farewell.†

My heart it beats:—to horse in haste!
 'Twas done almost before 'twas thought:
 The evening rock'd the wild and waste;
 Night round the cliffs her veil had wrought.
 The oak a tow'ring giant, there
 In garb of mist had sought the skies,
 Where darkness from the wood did glare
 With all her hundred jet-black eyes.
 The moon, behind a cloudy train,
 Peep'd through the haze with look of fear;
 On wings the winds did float anain,
 And, awful, rustle in mine ear:
 The night a thousand monsters framed,
 Yet fresh and gay my feelings flow'd;
 For in my veins what ardour flamed,
 And in my heart what passion glow'd!
 I saw thee; gentle joy did glide
 From thy bewitching gaze on me;
 My heart it throbb'd at thy fond side,
 And heaved its ev'ry sigh for thee!
 A zephyr with its rosy tress
 Play'd round thy face in that sweet spot;
 And, gods!—for me thy tenderness!—
 I hoped it,—I deserved it not!
 Yet, ah! when morn had chased the night,
 My heart was wrung by Farewell's thro;
 But in thy kiss, oh! what delight!
 Thine in thine eyes such fearful woe!
 I went,—thou stood'st;—thy heart was moved;
 O me was fix'd thy dewy sight;—
 Yet what delight to be beloved!
 To love—ye gods!—oh, what delight.

The peculiar excellence of Goethe in imparting to all his ballads a noble and most simple nationality of character, will be readily discerned in the specimen which has just been given. Another great charm in his poetry, is the exquisite art with which he clothes all his thoughts in beautiful and symmetrical forms, and measures of the most captivating melody. His verses glide like pearls from between the lips of the singer; they are born melodies, and do not require the help of music to make them harmonious. His latter and last lyrical performances all possess these excellencies, but they want the freshness and simplicity of his former productions; for he became too conventional in his old age, and, the fount of juvenile vigour being exhausted, he strove to supply its loss with artificial allegories and far-fetched verbal conceits. It is thus with nations as with men—when they have outlived their youth, when the spirit of action which animated them in the days of their vigour, and begot bold thoughts and high achievements, begins to flag, their efforts are regulated by reason rather than impulse; their poetry seeks to replace by subtle fancies, what it has lost of the fervour and passion of its earlier youth: and the cold glitter of imagination is found to replace the warm language of simplicity and truth.

But, let us return to Goethe. This new and

† V. Torquato Tasso, a dramatic poem, from the German of Goethe, with other German poetry, translated by Charles des Voeux, Esq. London, 1827.

natural vitality which had given his first productions so great and so sudden a fame, for in them was seen what German poetry had hitherto wanted, is also to be found in all his later and more regular compositions, and whatever he undertook, was also completed by him with entire success. 'Clavijo,' a tragedy, in which he was bold enough to introduce a contemporary Spanish author, as the hero of the piece, and to bring his life to an end on the stage, when the real man was still living happily in his own country; 'Stella,' a drama, 'Claudine von Villa Bella,' 'Erwin und Elmire,' sundry little farces, viz. 'Das Jahrmaktfest zu Plundersweiler,' &c. increased his fame, for they were written in a style altogether new, with great truth and vivacity, and presented striking pictures of real life. It was a new vein of sentiment, quite different from that which Klopstock had introduced into our literature, which made his works so wonderfully effective—it was passionate and stormy, soaring high above the formalities of common morality, and penetrating into every recess and corner of the human heart. In short, Goethe finished what Lessing had begun: his writings effected a total reform in German taste, for they abolished the old established opinion, that the occupation of poetry was only to teach morals and to impart knowledge in an agreeable manner and under pleasing forms.

The wild and irregular course adopted by the poet, found, as might have been expected, numberless adversaries, who, even when compelled to admire his genius, censured the more severely what they called his contempt of the laws of style and taste. But Goethe soon proved that his genius had opened upon the true path, by writing a tragedy in the ancient Greek fashion, which, with all the excellencies that were peculiar to him, and to him alone, included a strict observance of that solemn and rigid form prescribed by Aristotle. This was 'Iphigenia at Tauris,' which will be regarded as a masterpiece as long as German literature shall exist, or the German language shall be spoken. His celebrated tragedy, 'Egmont,' appeared at the same time, so remarkable for the striking individuality of its principal characters, and for the vivacity and truth of its dialogue. In short, Goethe never failed in his poetical endeavours; he always copied nature with a degree of accuracy that made his picture appear to be the original itself, and at the same time he understood how to treat his subject in the most noble and befitting manner. There is a perfection in them all, which has not hitherto been rivalled, and it is sufficient to name his Tasso, Die natürliche Tochter, Die Geschwister, in proof of this assertion.

I should certainly be led too far were I to dwell at further length upon every single work of his; I therefore must forbear entering into an examination even of his greatest and most profound poem, the 'Faust,' for I could fill a volume with the subject, without having fulfilled my task. There is the less necessity, as 'Faust' has been translated several times into English, and welcomed with great favour. This master-work for a time remained a fragment, but the poet finished it shortly before his death; the second part, however, was by no means received with the same enthusiasm that had attended the publication of the first, and which still remains undiminished; it is full of beautiful and lofty scenes, but very obscure, and wants a commentary, which only the poet himself was able to have written. The sincerest admirers of 'Faust' wish that it had remained a fragment; for, to say the truth, this second part does not increase the glory of its author: the first was the child of his youth and vigour, the second is too like the puny and enfeebled offspring of his old age.

There is no kind of poetry which Goethe has not cultivated. He has written songs, epic

poems, elegies, dramas, besides novels, tales, epigrams, &c., and all his performances are master-pieces; and there is no science which did not, at least for some time, engage his attention. Germany is indebted to him not only as a poet, but also as an eminent scholar and natural philosopher. This child of nature, for so he may be truly called, was almost as universal as nature herself.

Goethe never completed his autobiography; it only contains the history of his life till the year in which he left his native town and established himself at Weimar, together with his journeys to Switzerland and Italy, and his campaign upon the Rhine; but the chasm is partly made up by his correspondence with Schiller and Zelter,† which has already appeared, and that with Knebel (his oldest friend, who survived him), which is now in the press.

[To be continued on the 28th inst.]

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR DARK HOURS.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I would I were a Fairy, as light as falling snows,
 To do whate'er my fancy bade—to wander where
 I chose:
 I'd visit many a pleasant spot—a merry life I'd
 lead,
 With all of bright and beautiful to serve me at
 my need.
 I'd never give a single thought to misery or care—
 My heart should have the gladness of a wild bird
 in the air—
 And if perchance a tempest should gather in the
 sky,
 I'd crouch beneath a lily-bell until the cloud
 passed by.
 The violet—the cowslip—the little warbling bee,
 That cannot for his life withhold the music of
 his glee—
 The butterfly, that silent thing of many gorgeous
 dyes,
 The denizen of garden realms—a pilgrim of the
 skies.
 The starry-twinkling glowworm, that, like a drop
 of dew,
 Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line of
 emerald hue—
 The daisy and the daffodil—the small gem on
 the lea—
 Of these I'd make my playmates, and these my
 friends should be.
 I'd hie me to the greenwood—I'd sit me down
 and sing,
 Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightingale's
 soft wing!
 My pillow should be rose-leaves without a single
 thorn,
 And there I'd chant my roundelay until the
 blush of morn.
 The world is full of sorrows—on every side I see
 Shadow instead of sunlight, and grief instead of
 glee:
 Or if I hear the trumpet-voice of Pleasure cleave
 the sky,
 The mournful echo, Sadness, is certain to reply.
 O, I would I were a Fairy, as light as falling
 snows,
 To do whate'er my fancy bade—to wander where
 I chose:
 I'd visit many a sunny spot, and far away I'd
 flee,
 Where Crime and Folly seldom come—beneath
 the forest tree.

† A review of the two first volumes of this interesting work appeared in the *Athenæum*, No. 323, and we hope next week to have an opportunity of noticing the volumes since published.

LETTERS FROM A CADET.

British Hotel, Funchal, Madeira.

My last letter left me, I believe, at Portsmouth, and I consider myself very lucky at not being there still, as a S.W. wind set in while we lay at anchor; and a S.W. wind at Portsmouth is no trifle. Last year it blew for no less than twelve weeks together, detaining so many outward-bound East Indians in harbour, that the whole town looked as if it had gotten a liver complaint. People talk of the fickleness of the wind—I only hope I may find my friends or my mistress half so constant as a sou-wester at Portsmouth. We cleared out in spite of one. The wind was very light, so that we were able to dodge about in the Channel, until a fine gale from the N.E. sprung up, which took us in dashing style through the Bay of Biscay:—

A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,

As I who've crossed it now know well enough—

and the sudden change of wind had not tended at all to compose its ruffled surface. The ups and downs of this kind of life proved anything but agreeable to land stomachs, and drew from some of our passengers bitter reflections on the folly of those who, as old Isaac Walton says, "venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddock."

You cannot imagine what a difficult matter it is to dine on such occasions. The table itself screwed down, is first prepared, by laying along it two sand-bags, which run its entire length; between those are placed several smaller bags, like the rungs between the sides of a ladder, and in the spaces thus formed are deposited the dishes. You then take your seat at table, holding on as well as you can; when all is ready, the servant brings your plate and knife and fork, and you eat, holding on at each roll, and taking a cut and a bit in the intervals. Despite all these precautions, however, you sometimes find the dishes change places as if by magic; and the other day, a more violent lurch than ordinary swept the tables almost clean. I luckily escaped; but the gentleman just above me, who was not so cautious in looking out for squalls, was taken all aback, and suddenly found himself sprawling on the deck with 1 lady, 1 tureen of soup, 1 ditto of apple sauce, 2 small children, a beefsteak-pie and a cruet-stand, all piled, like a monument, over him.

At last we got through the bay, though, indeed, I should not say at last, for while our N.E. wind lasted, we made a capital run of about 1,200 miles in five days. But then we were becalmed again when within about 200 miles of Madeira, and the log showed a long succession of "light and variable breezes." There we lay on and off; nothing on earth to do but whistle for the wind, and look out for land, which we had as much chance of seeing as the great sea-serpent. Even when we did get sight of the island, we were three or four days before we could effect a landing.

Funchal, from the sea, is perfectly beautiful. The bay in which we anchored is, I should suppose, eight or ten miles across, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, which rise, covered with verdure to the very summit, from the water's brink to an elevation of 1,200 or 1,500 feet. The highest point is towards the centre, and from this a rough irregular ridge bears away round to the east, where it terminates in a bold and bluff headland, against the base of which a high surf constantly beats; while on the west, the descent is more gradual, and a hillock, with a mere rounded summit and an easier declivity, finishes the prospect on this side. The town lies nearly opposite the centre of the bay on the water's edge, but it straggles up the hills a long way in every direction, the houses standing at greater intervals, and showing between them vineyards, plantations of bananas, oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, with patches

of sugar-cane, and little thickets of coffee-trees, myrtles, and other evergreens, which even at this, their mid-winter, give the whole a cheerful and spring-like appearance. Towards the left of the bay, (as you look towards the town,) is situated the Loo Rock, a lofty insulated crag which rises almost perpendicularly from the water to a considerable height, and has its top, which is about thirty yards square, surmounted by battlements and a small fortress, on which floats the blue and white Portuguese flag. The distance of this rock from the mainland is not more than about 100 yards, and immediately under its guns is the only landing place accessible, when there is anything of a breeze, as, except in perfectly still weather, the whole beach in front of the town exhibits a tolerably high and dangerous surf. In fact, the whole coast of the island is very inaccessible; the north side being excessively precipitous, and falling by almost perpendicular cliffs into the sea; while, on the south side, there is scarce any landing place besides that I have mentioned, except at a village called Machica, about three miles further to the west, where I understand the Miguelites landed when they took possession of the island, previous to the present revolution, which has restored it to the Pedro and Maria party.

I got in on Christmas morning amidst the incessant ringing of bells and discharges of cannon; very appropriate compliments, certainly, to him whose message was "Peace on Earth." If Funchal looked beautiful from the water, its beauty vanished on a nearer approach. The streets are narrow and vilely paved; the houses are extremely irregular, and devoid of ornament outside, though a few of the better order, which I had an opportunity of visiting, were comfortably and even elegantly furnished inside. In fact, the great number of British merchants residing here, and who have got almost the whole wine trade of the island in their own hands, has caused the introduction of many of the comforts and conveniences to which they had been accustomed at home. The British families permanently resident here, amount to not less than 200, in addition to which, the invalids who come for the winter, and who are annually increasing in numbers, amount this year to about 150. The churches were, of course, decked out in all their finery. After looking at the cathedral and listening to some excellent music from a military band which was in attendance, I strolled up the hill to the English chapel, which is situated in the midst of a well-kept garden, in which some splendid salvia, fuchsias, and cactuses, showed their gaudy flowers—while, overhead, hung the *Datura arborea*, with its magnificent white pendent flowers, and orange, citron, and banana trees delighting the eye with their foliage, and tempting the taste with their fruit. There were no graves here, the English burying-ground being, as I understood, at some other part of the island.

From the irregular nature of the surface, there is not such a thing as a wheel-carriage in Madeira. Walking, at least to any distance, is also quite out of the question, from the sharpness and roughness of the pavement, as well as the steepness of the hills. I had a pair of boots cut through before I thought of having recourse to the country method of progression, which is altogether on ponies; and these animals, though not very handsome, are wonderfully sure-footed, and will climb up a paved hill, which looks almost like the side of a house, in a rapid canter, while the boy, from whom you hire them, runs after you, holding on by the tail of your nag, and helping himself along with a pole which he carries in his hand. The hire of these animals is very reasonable; you can have both boy and horse for a pistareen (about 11d.) an hour; and I am told, when ships are not in harbour, that three pistareens will procure one for the entire

day. Invalids who are not equal to this kind of exercise must resort to palanquins or hammocks, which are carried by two bearers, each holding a long pole, with which he steadies his steps. Heavy burthens are drawn on a sledge by two bullocks, who have invariably bells hung round their necks. To prevent the sledge, which is of wood, from catching fire, and, perhaps, to facilitate its progress over the rugged pavement, the driver carries a greased rag which he constantly throws down in front of the carriage, and picks up again behind after the carriage has passed over it. The hotel most resorted to, indeed, I believe the only one of note in the town, is kept by a Guernsey man, and is called the British. The accommodation is very indifferent; but there are several excellent boarding-houses, to which every one, who thinks of staying more than a few days, betakes himself. To give you an idea of the expense, I may mention that a gentleman, who had come as far as this with us, for the purpose of wintering here, took me to see the house in which he had fixed himself. It was beautifully situated on the side of a hill, about three quarters of a mile above the town; the view, commanding the entire town, bay, shipping, &c. could scarcely be excelled. The house, kept by an English family, was spacious, handsome, and provided with every comfort; the principal drawing-room, into which we were shown, was between thirty and forty feet in length, with a handsome lustre hanging from the centre of the ceiling, a Brussels carpet, grand piano, and other furniture to match. The grounds by which it was surrounded, were laid out in terraces, rising one above the other, each ascended by a few stone steps, and each covered with a long trellis, over which were trained the vines, which, when in full leaf and bearing, must have converted the whole into a succession of delicious shady arbours, while beneath were coffee-trees, from which the family saved berries sufficient for their own consumption, orange trees, guavas, and citrons, together with several rare and beautiful exotic plants. The table kept at this house was of the most admirable description; the wines of the best quality, and allowed at discretion; the desserts sumptuous; every requisite attendance was provided; and for all this, with a handsome bed-room, and private sitting room if required, the entire charge was fifty dollars a month, which equals, perhaps, about 12*l.* 10*s.* of our money.

At the hotel we lived for about three dollars (15*s.*) a day, but the accommodation was indifferent, and the wines, though we consented to pay six shillings a bottle for the best that could be procured, were not much above mediocrity. At a friend's house, however, I tasted some which I consider superior to anything I had ever met with in England. The Sercial, Tinto, Boial, and Green Malmsey—the last a delicious liqueur wine—are particularly prized, and run as high as 80*l.* a pipe; the price of ordinary Madeira being from 45*l.* to 50*l.*

The island is densely inhabited, Funchal alone containing, I should suppose, from 12,000 to 15,000 souls. But you must be contented to take all my numbers as merely rough guesses. There are scarcely any wild animals in the shape of game in the island: a few rabbits may be found in the rocks on the northern side, and it is said, snipe and woodcock occasionally visit it, but are hunted down and killed by the peasantry. The structure of the island is altogether volcanic, and the soil formed of the *débris* of volcanic rocks. The most abundant stone is a kind of slate-coloured or dark blue lava, hard and porous; but I saw also a clay rock, which is of a brownish colour, and so soft, that it is shaped with a hatchet previous to being used in building. The habitations of the peasantry are, in general, low, damp, and miserable. Their principal food is Indian corn, of which the island

does not produce more than three months' consumption: quantities are therefore imported from Porto-Santo and some of the Cape Verde Islands. In addition to this, they use leguminous vegetables of different kinds, with water-melons, tomatas, oranges, and bananas.

It has rained heavily almost every day since we came to anchor; indeed, the people of the island say, that so much rain has not been known to fall within the same space of time for the last thirty years. Still, the temperature is generally above 60° Fahrenheit in the shade; the day I was at my friend's house it was 69½° Fahrenheit; and we sleep under a sheet and counterpane, and wear straw hats, camlet jackets, and light trowsers. Of course any further remarks on the climate from a person who has only been here ten days, would be ridiculous. It is, however, by no means of such a nature as to exempt its inhabitants from consumptive diseases. In one of the hospitals which I visited, and in which there were about forty patients, two were cases of confirmed phthisis, there were several of dysentery, which is rather prevalent, one of intermittent fever, which, I think, Doctor Clark says, is unknown in the island, beside three or four lunatics; and all the patients, without any regard to sex, age, or nature of disease, lay indiscriminately together in one large room. There is another hospital set apart for cutaneous diseases, which I was not able to see. Elephantiasis, I understand, is rather common. I saw several funerals, and followed one to witness the ceremony. It was that of a poor old woman, about whom no one seemed to care. The body was simply wrapped in a sheet, with the hands crossed on the breast, then placed on a hammock, and carried through the streets by two bearers at a quick pace. I followed it to the cathedral, where it was deposited in the vestibule. A priest came out with his breviary, read a few prayers over the body, and it was lowered, without any further delay, down into a vault beneath the aisle of the church.

But I have written you a chapter, not a letter, and must now conclude. Let me only add, that the women at Madeira are universally ugly, always excepting Donna Maria Clementina, the beautiful nun, whom I went to see at the convent of Santa Clara, and laid out with her more pitararens in buying artificial flowers than I could wish to own. I believe we sail to-morrow:

ΕΥΠΛΩΜΕΝ.

Jan. 1835.

TO MARGARET W—.

MARGARET, in happy hour
Christen'd from that humble flower
Which we a daisy† call!
May thy pretty name-sake be
In all things a type of thee,
And image thee in all.

Like *it* you show a modest face,
An unpretending native grace;—
The tulip, and the pink,
The china and the damask rose,
And every flaunting flower that blows,
In the comparing shrink.

Of lowly fields you think no scorn;
Yet gayest gardens would adorn,
And grace, wherever set.
Home-seated in your lonely bower,
Or wedded—a transplanted flower—
I bless you, Margaret!

CHARLES LAMB.

Edmonton, Oct. 8, 1834.

† Marguerite, in French, signifies a daisy.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have been much pleased with a private view of Mr. Cottingham's model of St. Stephen's Chapel restored; and the more so, as his labour has been rather one of authority than conjecture: for, the basement of the mouldings having been discovered in digging round the ruins, the style of the building has been ascertained beyond doubt to belong to the period of the most pure and graceful Gothic, before the over-panelled, over-traceried taste in decoration had begun to prevail. It would be to be regretted, if so fine a specimen of architecture should not be restored; we are told, that this might be effected at a less cost than the sum actually spent upon the temporary repairs of the Houses: and the effect of the work when complete, in conjunction with the Hall and Abbey, would be harmonious and striking. We do not like the rumour current, that Italian or Grecian buildings are to be erected in such a neighbourhood, and hope that an absurd interpolation will not be sanctioned. Thanks to the nervous caution of the publishers, our paper this week is rather more foreign than customary at this season of the year, and we have little to add in the way of future promise beyond what has appeared in advertisements: it may not therefore be unseasonable to advert to a fancy which has lately come up in Paris—we mean dramatising the lives of our poets. Our correspondent lately informed us, that Lord Byron has been exhibited on the French stage, and by more recent letters, we find that M. de Vigny has brought out a play founded on the story of our ill-starred Chatterton. The principle female character in this is *Kitty Bell*, a quakeress! Truly, our friends across the water love variety. It is but a little while since we were holding up our hands in horror at the atrocities of the *Tour de Nesle* and *Jeûf Errant*.

The following is an extract from a private letter, written by a scientific traveller, and dated Frankfort.—“I have visited most of the Observatories on the Continent, and been politely received at all. The Observatory at Naples is magnificent—and the Professor at the new Observatory at Genoa was just about to begin a series of magnetic and meteorological experiments which cannot fail to be useful and interesting. In Germany the dawn is somewhat overcast—the spirit of radicalism is all-engrossing—men seem eager and hungry for change of any sort: the great metaphysician, Schelling, as I suppose you know, has become a Catholic and theologian, and so has young Schiller. However, the Philosophical Society at this place is just now discussing Herschel's discoveries and questions in the higher astronomy, and you will be glad to hear that the Academy of Sciences at Brussels is active, and rising into notice under the patronage of Leopold.”

As far as a casual view of the pictures forming the forthcoming Exhibition of the British Institution enables us to judge, we should be disposed to consider the display of talent more equally sustained throughout, than in the exhibitions of preceding years. It is true that we miss Roberts from among those whose works never fail to give us pleasure; but some artists of promise are coming forward. Martin, too, has contributed one of his historical landscapes, and, in a style which he has not hitherto attempted—a Judith, of which we shall have more to say, when we offer a fuller report of the exhibition. Haydon, also, is among the exhibitors, in a historical composition. Mr. Hurlstone has sent pictures, and some fine ones; and the secretary, Mr. Davis, appears in great and original strength in two landscapes, of wild moorland country, in which the heat effect is most happily and naturally rendered. Mrs. Carpenter is in full force; but we cannot here enumerate all the pictures with which we were pleased,

though we must mention a morning scene by Creswick, and a little conversation piece by Rochard, a drawing full of grace and refined gentility, we should say, if we might use the word in its primitive sense. We were also struck by a marine landscape by Wilson, and a family group by the other Mr. Davis. On the whole, we were well satisfied with the exhibition, and wish it all success.

We were, yesterday week, present at the first act of a very pleasant concert at the Mary-le-bone Institution. The idea of the arts thus creeping in among the more rigid and useful sciences, of music obtaining a hearing in turn with political economy, &c., is particularly agreeable to us—and we hope to see it adopted elsewhere. Though Madame Stockhausen was singing charmingly, we must cease, for a while, to praise her, lest we grow fulsome. Mr. Brizzi gave us Bellini's 'Tu vedrai' in very good style—and Mrs. Bridgman and Mr. Chatterton were most spirited (a little too much so, indeed,) in a duet for harp and pianoforte, by Herz.

Altogether the musical world is beginning to be astir; as, in addition to the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, the *Società Armonica* began its season on Thursday evening with (as we must say, is customary with this establishment) a most excellent selection of music. When we have mentioned that the Symphony which opened the Concert was Beethoven's in c major—that the overtures were 'Oberon' and 'Fidelio'—that Mr. Baumann played a solo on the bassoon, and Mori a fantasia on the violin (and, doing every justice to his brilliancy of execution, we must notice the gratuitous had taste of his cadence), that Madame Stockhausen, Messrs. Horncastle and E. Taylor, were the singers, we leave ourselves little to remark, save on Mr. H. Groat-rex, whose smooth rich bass voice would be helped by a more energetic style, his song was Mozart's 'Qui sdegno.' We must also express our opinion that Mr. Forbes's finale to the first act, had no business here it was, as, at such a Concert, the crude and incomplete efforts of young writers are sure, from their position, to receive even less justice than they deserve—and that Ries's cantata was not very intelligible to us, owing to our ignorance of its subject, and the feebleness of the chorus, which only hinted that which it should have expressed forcibly. We hope, however, to hear it again. The band was in good order, and the Opera Concert-room has received a thorough and gay renovation, which, indeed, was hardly complete on Thursday evening, as the cushions for the benches and the company went in at the same time.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 9.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The meeting was informed that intelligence had been received of the sudden and violent death, at the Sandwich Islands, of Mr. David Douglas, botanist, from whom a communication, regarding the volcanos of these islands, had been recently received.† This unfortunate gentleman had accidentally fallen into a pit, dug as a snare for wild cattle, in which a wild bull was at the moment caught, and was instantly destroyed. His papers, and other effects, had been collected, and were expected to arrive shortly in H.M.S. *Challenger*. Much regret was felt for his untimely fate.

Afterwards a communication was read, addressed to the Secretary, by Dr. Coulter, who had resided two years in Upper California, regarding the geography of that country. This first described the general aspect of the province, and then entered into some details regarding its white and Indian population, stock, capabilities, &c.

† See Athenæum, No. 373.

Upper California extends north to the parallel of 42° 30' N., and is separated from the rocky mountains to the east by an extensive sandy plain. It consists of two ranges of hills, chiefly composed of sandstone conglomerate, which extend along its whole length in lines parallel to the coast; and some islands which front this, may be considered as the summits of a similar submarine range. The summits are uniformly bleak and bare; but the intermediate valleys are fertile. A great deal of fine wood clothes the sides of the hills, and along their base the pastures are rich and extensive. Yet, generally, there is not a very regular supply of water; two extensive lakes, called the Tuli Lakes, situate between the ranges, apparently draining the cultivable ground too rapidly. The best soil, and most promising district, is accordingly to the north and east of them,—that is to say, north and east of the bay of San Francisco,—a district, moreover, deeply intersected by the river San Francisco, falling into the bay, and said to be navigable sixty or seventy miles up; but Dr. Coulter did not himself visit this quarter.

The only portions of Upper California as yet settled, are along the coast, with the exception of a transverse valley, running up nearly thirty leagues behind the port of San Pedro, at the head of which is situate the mission of San Gabriel. The chief settlers have also, hitherto, been the Catholic missionaries, who sought to collect around their stations an Indian population, whom they taught, in a very rude way, to till the ground, and rear domestic cattle, at the same time that they compelled them to conform to their religious observances. Since the revolution in Mexico, however, these stations have been discouraged; and, at the same time that the entrance of other settlers has been promoted, efforts have been made to induce the Indians to hold land themselves. These have not, as yet, been very successful, owing chiefly to the constitutional indolence of this race; and perhaps, in some degree also, to the change of system having been too sudden.

Wheat, the vine, and all fruit trees that have been tried, thrive well in Upper California, though the fruit is somewhat subject to mildew; and south of San Francisco, and more especially south of Santa Barbara, a species of locust is excessively troublesome. The great article of produce, however, is black cattle, the rapid increase of which has been prodigious. It is not yet seventy years since they were first introduced, and then only twenty-three head. In 1827 the missions possessed 210,000 branded cattle, and it was supposed not less than 300,000 unbranded. It is at present thought necessary to slaughter 60,000 head annually, to keep down their numbers till more land shall be settled to the eastward. Sheep have increased nearly in the same proportion, though they are, as yet, of little value, neither their flesh being eaten, nor their wool exported. The necessities of life are so easily procured in the province, that there is little stimulus to enterprise out of the beaten track.

The number of white inhabitants in Upper California, Dr. Coulter estimates at 6000, and they are rapidly increasing. Not so the Indian population; they have diminished considerably, though they have neither been driven from their homes, as in the United States, nor been much exposed to the poison of ardent spirits. On the contrary, the rule of the Padres at the Presidios has been perfectly well intentioned, and in its general character paternal. But the restraint of their religious observances, and even the little labour they imposed, were uncongenial with Indian habits. It is remarkable that their decrease is almost universally hastened by the failure of female offspring—whether caused by a disproportion in the births, or by a greater number of deaths among the female children, Dr.

Coulter is unable to state. To such an extent does this operate, that in all the missions there is the utmost difficulty in obtaining a wife. Infanticide, properly so called, is not common, though there is reason to believe that means, generally mechanical, are often taken to produce abortion; yet this does not account for the above fact, for males and females would be thus indifferently sacrificed.

The Mexican government is, at present, very anxious to encourage settlement in Upper California, chiefly from jealousy of the increasing American population on the Columbia; and, under judicious management, Dr. Coulter thinks the prospect here fair for settlers, especially in the northern district. This is highly fertile, well wooded and watered, perfectly healthy, and the Sacramento, another river falling into the Bay of San Francisco, is navigable for a considerable distance, as well as the river of that name. The Tuli Lakes, though shallow in the dry season, also furnish great facilities for the transport of wood, hides, and other produce from considerable distances. In a stream falling into the southern Tuli, gold has also been found; and a silver mine was wrought with some success near Santa Ines, till interrupted by the Indians.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Dr. Coulter for this communication.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Mar. 7.—Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair. It was recommended by the Council that the Society should express its sense of the services rendered to Jacquemont and Burnes, at Lahore, by Messrs. Allard, Ventura, and Court, European officers in the service of Runjeet Sing, by electing them Foreign Corresponding Members.

The continuation of Capt. Low's paper on Tenasserim, &c. was read. The author stated that some traces may be found of human sacrifices having been practised by the Burmese before the introduction of Buddhism. They kiss a sword stained with the fresh blood of an enemy, and believe that they thus acquire the courage of the slain. They are very particular in the dedication of their banners to the deities, and the standard-bearers are always protected by amulets. From the devices used on the standards, the author concludes that the heraldry of Europe has been derived from Asia. The eagle belongs to the ensign of Vishnú, the bull to that of Siva, and the falcon to that of Ráma; the sun rising behind a recumbent lion, was the ensign of the Tartars, and the eagle of the sun that of the Persians; the Hámúz, or famous goose,† one of the minor incarnations of Buddha, is the chief emblem on the Burmese banners. The Russians, no doubt, had their standard from the eastern nations; it is the type of Garuda. The Leng, or horned alligator, the type of Capricorn, sprawls on the Chinese standard. The Cnep, or Great Dragon, symbolical of the horizon, and of the Good Spirit which was the ensign of the ancient Egyptians, is one of the forms in which Buddha became incarnate, and is still displayed on the Malayan flag. The author then entered into a minute description of the Burmese criminal code and the laws of inheritance, but there were no peculiarities in the code sufficiently striking to interest general readers.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 26.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P. in the chair. An ancient seal found in the head of a weight which was in common use in a shop in Saffron Walden, and believed, from the almost illegible inscription upon it, to have been that of the bastard of Bourbon Louis, who was High Admiral of France in the middle of the 15th Century, was exhibited to the Society by Lord Braybrooke through Mr. Gage, the learned director.

† Is not this goose twin-brother to Leda's swan?—Ed.

Sir Henry Ellis read a paper, communicated by a Fellow of the Society, descriptive of some ancient forts, which are commonly known as Danish forts, in some of the Hebrides, and of one in particular which is in the centre of a lake in North Uist.

Mar. 5.—H. Hallam, Esq., V.P. in the chair. The reading of selected letters from the interesting collection, communicated by Mr. Hallam, was continued. One letter from Lord Bacon to the King James I., advising him as to the best mode of managing a parliament, occasioned a good deal of amusement as well as excited interest.

Mar. 12.—Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer in the chair. A further selection was read of the letters communicated by the learned historian of the Middle Ages.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Yarrell in the chair. Mr. Gould exhibited several species of *Trogon*, some of which were said to be undescribed. The situations of these new species in the group were pointed out: one example, splendid in colour, is closely allied to the well known *T. panonius*. Characters, by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, of various new shells from the collection of Mr. Cuming, were read. The species belonged to the genera *Venus* and *Cytherea*.

Mr. Owen read a paper on the osteology of the Chimpanzee, and a very fine skeleton of an adult, three feet ten inches in height, from the heel to the crown of the head, was exhibited in illustration. This paper was understood to be the first of a series on the whole anatomical structure of the Chimpanzee and Orang, as compared with Man and other mammalia.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At a special meeting of the Council held 23rd February, 1855, the following extract from the Will of the late Thomas Telford, Esq., was read.

"To the president for the time being of the Civil Engineer Institution in trust, the interest to be expended in annual premiums, under the direction of the Council, 2000*l*.

"All my scientific books, book-cases, prints, and such drawings as my executors shall consider suitable, are to be delivered to the president of the Civil Engineer Institution, for its use and benefit, on condition, that all those articles, as well as the books, prints, and drawings, already presented by me, shall, in case of the said Institution being discontinued, be delivered to the Royal Society, Edinburgh, for its use."

It was then Resolved, upon consideration of the above bequest of their late highly-esteemed and much-lamented President, that—

1st. The premiums to be given be both of an honorary and pecuniary nature.

2nd. That the honorary premiums consist of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, to be called the "Telford Medals," with a head of the late President on one side, surrounded by the words, Institution of Civil Engineers, founded 1818; and on the other Telford Medal, and a suitable device, leaving a space for the name of the successful candidate, and the object of the reward; or such other description of honorary medals, and of such size and value as shall be determined by the Council.

3rd. That the principal subjects for which premiums will be given are—1. Descriptions, accompanied by plans and explanatory drawings of any work in Civil Engineering, as far as absolutely executed; which shall contain authentic details of the progress of the work.—2. Models or drawings, with descriptions of useful engines and machines; plans of harbours, bridges, roads, rivers, canals, mines, &c.; surveys and sections of districts of country.—3. Practical essays on subjects connected with Civil Engineering, such

† Smeaton's account of the Eddystone Light-House may be taken as an example.

as geology, mineralogy, chemistry, physics, mechanic arts, statistics, agriculture, &c., together with models, drawings, or descriptions of any new and useful apparatus, or instruments applicable to the purposes of engineering or surveying.

4th. No premiums can be given until the next session of the Institution, but specimens of the "Telford Medals" will, if possible, be provided for the inspection of the members previous to the close of the present session; and any communications for reward, presented during the present session, will be considered as subjects for premiums in 1836.

5th. The number or nature of premiums to be determined by the Council, at a special meeting or meetings to be called for that purpose. No member of the Council can be present at any meeting for determining the premium of the class for which he is a candidate. The quorum of the Council for deciding on the premiums must consist of at least the President, two Vice-Presidents, and four members, or, in case of the unavoidable absence of the President, of three Vice-Presidents, and four members of the Council; being in either case seven, as the smallest number of a Council for awarding premiums.

6th. The premiums to be distributed to the successful candidates at a special general meeting at the end of the session.

7th. In the distribution of premiums no distinction will be made between natives and foreigners.

The friends of the late T. Telford, Esq. President of the Institution, are requested to attend a meeting which will take place on Saturday the 21st inst. 1 p.m., at the house of the Institution in Cannon Row, for the purpose of showing their respect for his memory by having a suitable monument erected in Westminster Abbey.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

We now proceed to redeem our promise, and give an abstract of Mr. Drinkwater's continuation paper on Quadri's 'Statistics of Venice,' read at the last meeting. The subject treated on, is the *Political Administration* of that country.

It appears from this statement, that the political administration of the Venetian and Lombard provinces,† which were formed into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom in 1815, is intrusted to the two Governors, (acting under the Viceroy,) who reside respectively at Venice and Milan; the Royal Provincial Delegates of the seventeen provinces, into which the whole kingdom is divided; the Royal District Commissioners (acting under the superintendence of the delegates), for the 220 districts into which the provinces are divided; and the Municipal Authorities of the 3091 townships, arising from a still further division of the districts.

The governors correspond directly with the viceroy, and also with the government officers in Vienna, and are subordinate to both. The royal delegates receive the orders of the governors, and communicate them to the district commissioners, who put them in execution, or cause them to be executed by the township authorities. The township administration of those cities which have the title of *Royal*, are in immediate communication with the royal delegates, without the intervention of the district commissioners. Besides this political machinery, there are also *collegiate bodies*, whose functions are to *inquire specially into the wants of the people, and the means of relieving them*. These are classed into Central and Provincial. The central colleges are situated, one in Venice, and the other in Milan, and consist of individuals representing the nobility, the

people, and the royal cities: these are proposed by the several provinces, and confirmed by the emperor. The provincial colleges are seventeen in number—there being one in the capital town of each province; and the President of a provincial college is the royal delegate of the district.

The offices of the political department are those of the police, censorship, quarantine, census, public works, captaincy of the port, and record offices. Those belonging to the department of revenue are the treasury and tax-offices, custom-house, post-office, mint, lottery and insurance offices, office of woods and domains, pension office, herald's college, and feudal office.

The whole number of central offices, including the vice-regal establishment, governing council, and central college, is twenty-six, giving employment to 1050 persons, and costing 2,092,415 *lire* (nearly 83,700*l.* sterling), in salaries and expenses.

These are exclusive of the provincial offices, which in like manner are classed into those of the political department and those belonging to the revenue. The provincial political offices are the royal delegations, the provincial colleges, offices of police and censorship, census, district commissioners, offices of public instruction, civil engineers for roads and waters, and executive justice. The provincial offices of revenue are divided into four classes only, as belonging either to the duties, domains, posts, or mines. The total number of provincial offices is 534, employing 3097 persons at the cost of 3,934,319 *lire*. There are 300 gendarmes in the province of Venice, and 769 other police officers in the rest of the country, besides 299 gaolers, making in all 1368 persons, maintained at a cost of 803,425 *lire*.

PRISONS.—Venice has two houses of correction, and Padua one, which, together, are capable of holding 2200 prisoners. The number actually confined is 999. Besides these, there are 548 provincial prisons capable of containing 4874 persons, and actually incarcerating 1330. The few who are condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere durissimo*) are not included; they are sent to the workhouse (*ergastolo*) at Mantua. The total average annual expense of all the places of confinement, is 922,000 *lire*.

PROVINCIAL AND TOWNSHIP OFFICES.—The provincial township administrations of every description, including the establishments of public charities, consist of 1462 offices; containing 3581 honorary, and 3400 stipendiary officers; in all, 6981.

This number comprises every individual attached in any way to the provincial and township administrations, or to any public charities; but if from these we select only stipendiaries who are concerned with affairs of government in the provinces and townships—that is to say, the *Podesta* of Venice, (who is the only salaried *Podesta* in the whole territory,) the secretaries, accountants, &c. &c., the whole number is 1830, whose salaries together amount to 560,000 *lire*; and the other expenses of the several offices amount to 90,000 *lire*—so that the whole cost of the provincial and township administration is 650,000 *lire*, thus distributed:—

Expenses of administration in the 11 cities where there is a municipal corporation	<i>Lire.</i>
.....	180,000
Ditto, in the townships which have a separate office.....	100,000
Ditto, in the 744 townships which have no separate office	370,000
Total.....	650,000

CENSORSHIP.—There is a general office of censorship for books and prints in Venice, corresponding with a censor attached to the delegates in the capital of each province.

MISDEMEANORS.—The total number of offences of police and misdemeanors that have

come under the cognizance of the constituted tribunals, (from which an appeal lies to the governor, and, in some cases, from him again to the Imperial Chancery in Vienna,) in 1823, was 17,103; of which 1895 were offences not contemplated by the code, and 15,208 offences against its positive provisions.

The former class appears not to have been registered before 1822, when they were 1520; the latter has increased continually since 1817, when they were 13,152. Signor Quadri, however, is inclined to believe that this increase is more apparent than real, and that it results from increased activity on the part of the agents of police.

The board at Trieste is the central board for all the maritime coasts of the Austrian dominions. A board of works has also recently been established at Venice.

FEUDAL COMMISSION.—In consequence of the long period during which the Venetian provinces were under a republican form of government, the number of persons who enjoyed feudal privileges and authority was very inconsiderable, and they were almost wholly confined to the province of Friuli, where the patriarchs of Aquileia had established the system of the Middle Ages. In 1420 this province was subjected to the Venetian government, which, however, respected the privileges of the feudatories whom it found established there, so far as they were consistent with the forms of their own aristocracy.

In 1806 the Venetian provinces became merged in the kingdom of Italy by the peace of Presburg; and, by a special decree, every sort of dominion and jurisdiction was reserved to the state exclusively, by which decree all these feudatories passed at once to the condition of simple proprietors; with the understanding, however, that they should receive adequate remuneration for the loss of their feudal privileges. In 1817 a commission was established by the existing government with this object. They have nearly completed the catalogue of these feudatories, of whom 700 are already registered, and it is supposed the whole number may be carried to 1000.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 6.—Mr. Hosking gave "Some account of the Breakwater in Plymouth Sound," and illustrated the subject by the aid of drawings and models, and observed upon the site, form, construction, present condition, and proposed state of this great national work.

Mr. Hosking commenced by remarking upon the comparative advantages of Portsmouth and Plymouth as naval stations. He then adverted particularly to the position of the Plymouth Sound at the mouth of the Channel, unprotected by the opposite coast, which extends but a very few miles westward of its meridian, and thus leaves it exposed to the full roll of the Atlantic; whilst it is not only unprotected by any natural barrier, but its funnel-shaped form is such as to increase the effect of the sea in a southerly, or south-westerly gale, as it rolls up to its head and into its harbours.

Early in the present century these circumstances engaged the attention of government; and in 1806 the late Mr. Rennie, and Mr. Whidbey, then master-attendant at Woolwich, were commissioned by Lord Howick (the present Earl Grey), at that time at the head of the Admiralty, to examine and report whether, by any, and what means, Plymouth Sound could be made an efficient and practicable haven for fleets. They examined and reported accordingly to the Admiralty, stating several modes, which had been suggested, of effecting the object in a greater or less degree, but recommending the formation of an extended dike of stone, to be about a mile in length, and to lie across the Sound between Bouvisand Bay and Cawsand Bay, leaving open the two lateral channels up the Sound by those bays, and closing the midway channel. This, how-

† They extend from the Lago Maggiore to the rivers Ticino and Po, with that portion of the Mantuan territory, which lies on the northern bank of the latter river, except the Valteino and the countries of Bormia and Chiavenna.

ever, was the worst, and was greatly obstructed by shoals, upon one of which, indeed, the dike or breakwater would be placed.

The execution of this work appears to have been forthwith determined upon; but the order in Council directing its commencement, was not issued until June 1811; and the first stone was deposited on the late king's birthday, in August 1812. The plan adopted seems to have been, in every respect, that recommended by Messrs. Rennie and Whidbey; the former of whom was constituted engineer, and the latter superintendent of the work. Oreston, at the head of Catwater, was the place selected to furnish material, and twenty-five acres of limestone rock were purchased of the Duke of Bedford; and the quarries there have furnished almost the whole of the enormous mass of which the Breakwater is now composed.

The Breakwater consists of a centre and two wings. The centre is a thousand yards in length, and the wings, which are called kants, are bent upon the centre inwards, at an angle of 120°; and each kant measures 350 yards in length on the top surface. About 500 yards of the central part rests on the shoal and rocks called the Shovel, and the rest of the work is in deeper water—the extremity of the eastern arm being in about five fathoms, and that of the western in seven fathoms water. Mr. Rennie proposed to make the top about ten feet above low water level, ten yards wide, and to extend it inwards, or towards the land, two feet horizontal for every vertical foot; and outwards, or on the sea side, at the rate of four to one, so that in the deeper parts the base would have been about seventy yards transversely.

The original mass of the Breakwater is composed of rough rubble stones, principally small stones of about a ton weight, or containing seventeen or eighteen cubic feet in bulk each; a considerable proportion is from one ton to three tons, and from that again to five tons, but latterly stones of generally larger capacity have been used.

The advantages afforded by the Breakwater were soon apparent. Before half its length had appeared above low water, the swell at the head of the Sound was so much broken down, that the fishermen could no longer judge, by the state of the Sound within the mole, of the weather beyond it, or at sea. Ships ran in behind it and rode out the worst weather in safety; and in January 1817, during a tremendous storm, a deeply laden collier lay under cover of the breakwater, and received no injury, whilst two king's ships, which were anchored in the Sound, were driven on shore, and both lost.

However, the work itself did not escape injury, for an extraordinarily high tide lending its influence to the storm just referred to, about 200 yards of the superstructure was destroyed, although it consisted of the largest stones, whilst the parts under water remained undisturbed. This fact, Mr. Hosking remarked, seems to have excited surprise, though nothing was more natural. It is well known that the disturbance of the sea in gales of wind extends to a comparatively small depth, though the force with which it acts within that depth is very great indeed. Now, when it is remembered that a block of marble immersed in sea water, offers but three-fifths or thereabouts, of its weight in air, of resistance to any disturbing power, it will be easily understood why stones of from three to five tons in weight, placed within that range of depth from the surface throughout which the action of the sea, in a gale of wind, extends, may be hurled from a summit, whilst stones of smaller bulk lie undisturbed on the

Mr. Hosking omitted to state that the sea, after having broken through the Breakwater for a considerable length, actually broke across the isthmus, connecting Mount Batten with the mainland, at the head of the Sound, and destroyed two Danish ships which lay at anchor in Catwater.

surface of the slope lower down, or at a greater depth from the surface of the sea, even on the exposed side of the structure. What is most surprising is, that the practical experiment made by the sea at the time referred to, when the Breakwater had not been extended half the length intended, did not make it clear that stones, however large, if placed on a surface so low that they could be submerged, and so detached that they could be immersed, within the action of a powerfully disturbing force, must be deranged by it. Nevertheless, the injured part of the Breakwater was restored, and the work was pursued in the same manner, until another similar warning occurred; but since this latter, a considerable part of the main body, or centre, and part of the western kant or wing, have been covered from the level of neap tides up to the top on the outside, and on the top,—which is but two feet above high water of spring tides,—and on part of the slope downwards from the top on the inside, with wrought and bedded limestone masonry with granite bond and curb. This covering will, doubtless, resist the action of the sea far better than previous rubble work, every block of which is acted upon by the whole force which the sea can bring to bear upon its surface, whereas the jointed and otherwise connected blocks offer the surface of one of their sides only to the action, and aid each other in resisting it. It must be evident, nevertheless, Mr. Hosking continued, that masonry laid in a flat or slightly inclined plane, as this is, is more open to disturbance than it would be if every stone were aided by the superincumbent force which the gravity of that above it would supply, if the plane be a steep, instead of a slightly inclined one, and if the upper part of the construction be so high, as not to be liable to be immersed. Now, in the present case, the toe of the masonry on the outer and upper slope, which is at an inclination of one in five, is within the range of the more powerful action of the sea, so that if the loose rubble which abuts it,—and which it is absurd to suppose can be secured by wedging,—be disturbed, the whole casing will fall away like a house built with cards. It is true, that what is termed a fore-shore, has been made in front of the masonry, for the purpose of protecting, or rather forming, its abutment; but if the sea does, as it most assuredly will, distribute the rubble on the outer, or sea side, in such a plane as the law in such a case requires,—he meant the law which nature has made for the formation of a shore with rubble stone,—the abutment will be destroyed, and the masonry will become rubble, to be thrown over into the Sound on the inner side, as had happened to the rubble that preceded it. Mr. Hosking thought it very clear, that if a crest or curb of rubble blocks could not be maintained at the upper edge by the upper surface or top, where the sea but seldom reached to dislocate it, it was a hopeless attempt to form such a one where it is constantly acted upon, and where the blocks are always nearly half floated; and that is the case with the outer edge of the fore-shore just referred to.

The western kant or wing is terminated by a circular head, and in this the difficulty will be still greater of maintaining any construction of rubble, or of masonry bedded upon rubble, that could be subjected to the action of the sea, since the kant is so arranged as to receive the sea in a southerly or south-westerly gale, so nearly at right angles that the end will be constantly eaten away, how well soever the body of the work generally may be protected by a sea wall, or otherwise. Mr. Hosking thought there was an absolute necessity that a wrought masonry structure should be formed on this end, and be commenced so low down as to be secured against the action of the sea tearing the rubble away from before and beneath it. This should be carried up high enough above the highest

surface level of the sea, to obtain weight within itself to maintain the immersed parts in their places. Indeed, it is proposed to build a light-house there; but, Mr. Hosking expressed it as his opinion that, if this is based on the surface of the present construction, it could never be secure.

In the straight parts of the work, the best protection it could have, would be a sufficiently thick wall, faced with granite, built along the top as before suggested, so high that its mass could never be immersed; and Mr. H. showed that by giving its face a receding concave form, the force of the sea would be expended in rising up it, whilst a deep blocking course might project and present an inverted concavity which would have the effect of turning the crest of the wave and throw it back upon itself. The blocking course being of granite, which is much heavier than limestone, would offer much greater resistance by its gravity alone; and as the wall could not be wholly submerged the mass would give the resistance of its whole weight, and not the difference of its specific gravity merely. At all events, the work should not be left as it now is, the western extremity a crude heap of rubble, hourly exposed to the same disaster that befell it in 1824; and the uncovered part of the main body, from about the middle eastward, where the work suffered so severely both in 1817 and 1824, likewise exposed to have its superstructure again hurled into the Sound.

Mr. Hosking argued that the direction of the eastern kant is that which would have been best for the whole work, since this receives the sea, in the gales most to be guarded against, obliquely, and remains comparatively uninjured by the worst. In that case, the Breakwater would have ranged across the shoal called the Panther, and have masked some very dangerous rocks as well as the shoal itself, whilst a projection of about 150 yards beyond it, would have locked the Sound with Pelee Point as much as the present western extremity does, and have received the sea so obliquely upon its end, moreover, as not to be exposed to the erosion to which the present construction is subjected, by receiving the run of the sea upon its exposed head transversely.

Mr. Hosking concluded with some remarks upon the cost of the Breakwater, up to the present time, and upon the quantity of material which it contained. He observed that the work had been carried on latterly by contract, in which manner it was found that deposits could be made at the rate of three or four shillings per ton, whereas in the original estimate the material had been calculated at seven or eight shillings, which cost, indeed, it considerably exceeded while the government conducted the operations at its own risk and with its own machinery. The contractors employed steam power to convey the material, and did not wait for wind and tide as the custom had been, and not only did their work at half the cost, but in half the time, that had been calculated upon.

(In giving the usual notice to the members of the Institution of the subject for the following Friday evening, Mr. Faraday took occasion to remark, that the statement which Mr. Hosking had made as to the limited range of the more violent action of the sea in storms, was borne out by the experiments of Mr. Deane, who had found that the agitation of the sea, under such circumstances, did not extend more than ten or twelve feet below the surface.)

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	7, P.M.
	Royal Society	8, P.M.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution	8, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

* The General Anniversary meeting takes place on the same day at 3 o'clock.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The second of these delightful meetings, which, we must confess, make us rather fastidious with respect to any other instrumental concerts, took place on Monday evening; commencing with Beethoven's delightful and imaginative Symphony in A—the slow movement narrowly escaped an *encore*; dare we say, after this, that we can imagine it played with a greater delicacy of feeling, and a more intimate understanding of its composer's intentions? Such, however, was the fact; and we may make the same remark upon the quartett in A, by the same great master, ably performed by Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Moralt, and Lindley:—we have heard it executed with more expression. The overture at the end of the first act was Weber's 'Oberon,' which went magnificently,—the symphony at the commencement of the second, Haydn's No. 5, in C minor, always fresh and interesting. Mr. Baumann performed upon the bassoon an air, with variations, of his own composition, with great and certain execution; but the music was desperately commonplace, and not worthy of the attention of a Philharmonic audience. It was, however, well received. Romberg's fine overture, 'Ulysses and Circe,' concluded the concert. For the vocal music,—Miss Masson introduced to us a MS. air by Stuntz (who is, we believe, Kapellmeister at Munich); she deserves our thanks—it is a fine song—we can fancy that Schroeder would have given it with greater intensity of passion; but we can honestly praise the lady who sang it, for careful and expressive execution,—and her task was not an easy one. It is particularly pleasant to us to say this, as we have now to enter our grave protest against an artist of such high rank as Madame Caradori,—first, for wasting her charming voice and finished execution upon such music as Bellini's (in a concert room), and secondly, for the omissions and transpositions which made her song, 'Casta Diva,' even less interesting and coherent than it is originally. We have often had cause to regret her taste for these mere insipid songs of execution; and the present is a good opportunity for our expressing a wish, that she would do her gifts and acquirements better justice in the music she selects for performance. Mr. E. Seguin sang the grand air from the Creation, 'Now heaven in fullest glory shone'; he was not happy in the recitative; in the air he acquitted himself far more to our satisfaction. Afterwards he joined with the two ladies in the trio 'Coraggio or su,' from 'Fidelio'; three worse assorted voices for a piece of concerted music could hardly be found; but the music from that matchless opera always compels us to listen, wherever or however sung. Mr. Mori led the concert,—Mr. Potter conducted.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, WILD OATS; and TIMOUR THE TARTAR.
Monday, WEINER (Werner, Mr. Vandenhoff); and TEKELI.
Tuesday, ROAD TO RUIN; and KING ARTHUR.
Wednesday, No performance.
Thursday, A NEW COMEDY, by the Author of 'Paul Pry'; and KING ARTHUR.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, LESTOCQ; and BLACK EY'D SUSAN.
Monday, LESTOCQ; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
Tuesday, LESTOCQ; and other Entertainments.
Wednesday, No performance.

MISCELLANEA

Turkey.—According to the *Moniteur Ottoman*, the Turkish government has just completed a road between Scutari and Nicomedia. Post-houses have also been established on this road, where light carriages and horses may be hired by travellers, and at a moderate expense. This first road was an experiment, and made with a view of ascertaining whether the establishment of such roads, throughout the most important

parts of the empire, was practicable and what would be the expense. The results have been so satisfactory that the Sultan has determined on a general establishment of roads throughout the Ottoman Empire. The first to be commenced is that between Smyrna (one of the great outlets of the commerce of Asia Minor) and Constantinople, passing through Magnesia, Aghissar, Bahr-kessar, &c. That from Scutari to Nicomedia is to be continued on to the extremity of the province of Boli, one of the lines of road most frequented from the interior of Asia to the capital. In Europe, a wide road, and kept in good repair, so as to be practicable in all seasons, is to be constructed from Constantinople to Semlin. That part between Constantinople and Adrianople will be commenced next spring, and, it is expected, completed before the return of the bad season. This road once finished, post-houses, with carriages and horses, will also be established on it for the accommodation of travellers. These important improvements form but a part of the general plans of the government. Hospitals for the sick and aged—schools for the instruction of youth, in places where the want of them is felt—an uniform system of police for the security and maintenance of the roads,—are to be established, and the local authorities are to keep journals, in which they are to record all facts and deductions interesting to society or government. These journals are to be regularly transmitted to the central administration, and will serve as the basis from which the statistics of the empire may fairly be deduced; and it is intended that these reports shall record the passage of travellers and merchandize, the different sorts of produce brought to, and sold in, the markets, the quantities, prices, &c. The state of the country, as well as that of towns, is also to be investigated, and reports drawn up as to the quantity of land in cultivation, the most approved methods of agriculture, the state of crops, and the respective quantities of each. In fact, it is the declared intention of the Sultan to introduce all such changes as will contribute to develop the resources of his kingdom, to increase the facilities of intercourse, to give a new impetus to production, and to test and ascertain the effect of his exertions by means of official documents, which will show the state of the country, the wants of his people, and true sources of the prosperity of each district.—Brave doings these!

Interesting Discovery.—A number of bulls of different Popes, addressed to the prelates who successively occupied the episcopal seat at Cambrai, and of great importance to archaeological science, have recently been discovered at that place, in a good state of preservation.

Antique Urn.—A beautiful antique glass urn has been discovered at Yebleron, in France. It has one handle and is of a square form. The urn contained a bronze medal bearing the head of Antoninus, with the date of the period of his third Consulship, from which it would appear that the medal is of the year 140 of the Christian era, so that it must have been placed in the urn nearly 1700 years ago.—*French Paper.*

Charles Lamb and his Dog.—During the early part of my acquaintance with Lamb, when he lived at Colebrook Row, he had, *staying on a visit with him*, a large and very handsome dog, of a rather curious breed, belonging to Mr. Thomas Hood. The Lambs (albeit spinster and bachelor) were not addicted to 'dumb creatures;' but this dog was an especial pet—(probably in virtue of his owner, who was a great favourite with them)—and he always accompanied Lamb on his long rambling daily walks in the vicinity of that part of the metropolis. But what I wish to point out to the reader's attention is, that during these interminable rambles,—heretofore pleasant in virtue of their profound

loneliness and freedom as respected all companionship and restraint,—Lamb made himself a perfect slave to this dog—whose habits were of the most extraordinary errant nature, for, generally speaking, the creature was half-a-mile off from his companion, either before or behind, scouring the fields or roads in all directions, scampering up or down "all manner of streets," and keeping Lamb in a perfect fever of irritation and annoyance; for he was afraid of losing the dog when it was out of sight, and yet could not persuade himself to keep it in sight for a moment by curbing its roving spirit. Dash (that was his name) knew Lamb's weakness on these particulars as well as he did himself, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's Park in particular, Dash had his master completely at his mercy; for the moment they got into the ring, he used to get through the pailing on to the green sward, and disappear for a quarter or half an hour together,—knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared, till such time as he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this particular walk much oftener than they otherwise would, precisely because Dash liked it and Lamb did not.—*Court Magazine.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Amateur—J. L.—J. P. received.

We have received a courteous letter from Mr. Gale, the ingenious inventor of the 'Practical Alphabet for the Blind,' noticed in a former number. He informs us, that reading and writing do not form part of the system of education in the Blind School at Edinburgh; this we regret, and trust that such a deficiency will soon be remedied. He is too of opinion, that we have dealt out harsh measure to the theological part of his volume, and denies that he has indulged in any speculations. Now, the title of his 34th Chapter is, 'Reason 2nd, Why the blind should use their Biblical literature practically.'—Because this is the only way by which unity can be restored and established among the various sects of christians.' We have nothing to do with Mr. Gale's peculiar opinions in religion; we only condemned the place he chose for their publication, because they were likely to create a prejudice against a work highly interesting to philanthropists of every creed, sect, and party.

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